THE

MASTER PASSION;

OR,

The History

OF

FREDERICK BEAUMONT.

VOL. IV.

It is the show and seal of Nature's truth,
When Love's strong passion is imprest in youth.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER,
ALBEMARLE STREET.
1808.

THE

MASTER PASSION,

&c.



CHAP. LXXX.

THE Baroness had, soon after their arrival in Vienna, unfolded to her guest the dreadful particulars of Marsiglio's crimes. At the mention of his attempt to bribe the vile Wolfinger to aim at Frederick's life, she turned so deadly pale, that the Baroness dared not proceed.

"And this Wolfinger has attended him to England!"—cried Helena, while her head swam with the sickness of apprehension.

The Baroness acquainted her with the precautions which had been taken by the Count, adding, that this agent of Marsiglio had rejected his bribes.

"But he refused them not in the former case," said Helena ;—"should he now *repent* the determinations of his half-struggling conscience!—and should Frederick——merciful Heaven preserve him—but surely my terrors are prophetic!—they subdue me utterly."

The Baroness, while she fully partook these terrors, solicitously strove to reason them away.

"Come, my sweet friend," said she, in conclusion, "we will talk no more of Marsiglio to-day:—rouse your spirits, and think of nothing but the moment now, I hope, near approaching—when you shall hear of your beloved mother's recovered tranquillity—when your Beaumont shall come with a commission from her, to fetch you home again ;—and then—and then," added she, "what becomes of me?"

"You will go with me, I trust,"—cried Helena; "I cannot, you know, return without a female companion; surely, my dear Baroness, you will give me the happi-

ness of your company, and my mother the delight of pouring her thanks into your bosom.—Then the Count will—will he not—accompany us also? and we shall all return to dear England together; Frederick, too, will be with us, and we shall be so —*so* happy!" She threw her arm affectionately round the Baroness, while she looked up in her face. She perceived in it such tokens of sensibility, that she drew her closer towards her. The Baroness fell on her neck, and bathed it with her tears, and the words "Happy Helena!" were once more in her heart; they now rose even to her lips, and the scarcely articulated sounds just reached the ears of Helena.

"Alas! is it so," thought she; "yet how could it be otherwise?" But she spoke not; nor could either of them, for a long time, utter a word. And now let the curtain drop on a scene too tender, too delicate, for representation.

CHAP. LXXXI.

"Do you know," said Count Waldenberg to his sister, as he entered one morning, "that the mother of Marsiglio was of noble birth?"

"I never heard of it before," answered the Baroness, "but you seem to attach some particular import to the discovery."

"I heard it but this morning on the Prater. It has certainly shocked me extremely. That he should be brought to a public execution will be a circumstance of a *monstrous* nature." Then, after ruminating awhile, "I wish that the bow-string were in use in Germany!"

Helena, who was sitting by, looked up in amaze. She had discerned the Count's foible, but, had not before seen it in so prominent a light. She had even, at times, ventured on a little delicate raillery; the present subject was too serious for this;

but giving her fancy a different turn, she said, looking at the Count with a whimsical gravity, "Alas, my Lord! what would become of you if you were to live in England!"

"Why what *should* become of me, fair Lady?"—"You would be *miserable*.—You cannot easily imagine the comical things that are done by our nobility."

"I have seen various portraitures of their characters," said the Count, attracted by the tones of Helena's voice to a seat by her side; "but I should like a few of your vivid sketches prodigiously."

"Why, then, what would your Lordship think of their driving their own carriages?"

"Phaetons, I suppose?"

"O yes, of course;—but coaches!—chariots!—barouches!"

"My dear Miss Villiers, that sketch is surely a fancy piece."

"No, upon my honour," said Helena—"nay, it is even so common that *we* have left off wondering at it."

"And did they not then leave off doing it?"—asked the Baroness.

At that moment a servant entered, with intelligence that Marsiglio, in endeavouring to escape from his prison, on the preceding night, had fallen from a high wall, dislocated his shoulder, and broken one of his legs.

Helena, who had felt a sudden horror come over her at his name, was now shocked at his sufferings.

"Poor wretch!" said the Baroness, shuddering.—"I hope he will *die!*" said the Count, as he left the room to visit the prisoner, and inquire into the truth of the circumstances. They had been, as it chanced, accurately related, and the Count found the miserable wretch writhing under the complicated tortures of defeated malice, bodily pain, and a conscience terrified by the probability of near-approaching death.

The Count humanely endeavoured to bring his mind to repentance; and then, after providing him with every alleviation of his misery that medical ability could furnish,

teturned to the Baroness, and her guest, with an account of the state in which he had left him. Their pity was awakened to a painful degree; and they wished, though from motives far different from those of the Count, that he might shortly be released from farther suffering, and final disgrace.

The next morning brought a letter from England.

It was from Mr. Melcombe to Miss Villiers.

"*Hastings.*

"MY DEAREST HELENA,

"Your letter arrived, I believe, just in time to save the life of your inestimable mother. She has, indeed, suffered most cruelly, and the first agitations of her joy were scarcely less alarming than those of her grief. I have, for a few days, delayed writing, in the hope of being enabled to send you a better account of her than it was possible that I could have done, had I written immediately. I can now, truly, assure you, that she not only is out of all

danger, but has regained more composure of mind, and strength of body, than we could possibly have expected in so short a period. On this you may safely depend, when I add, that I am preparing to bring this, my second, and last, visit to Hastings to an end, my presence being urgently required at home, and no longer necessary at this place, where, indeed, it *never* has been necessary, except to myself.

"Having fully satisfied you on this point, I hasten to express to you the fervent delight of all your friends,—and here I pray you to rank mine next to that of your dear mother,—on your safety—on the miraculous bounty of Heaven, in having conducted you, through all your perils, to the tender protection of such friends as you have found.

"I should write for ever, were I to say half that your dear mother wishes me to say—half that she feels of gratitude, and more than gratitude, toward these noble friends; but, I must, yes, my dear Helena, I must now turn to another subject.

"As soon as you have told us that Frederick is constant, and that you have been imposed upon, you write that he had left Vienna on his return to England, some days before your meeting with Count Waldenberg, and the Baroness his sister. This information has been an additional motive with me for deferring to write; for I have hoped, from day to day, that Frederick would arrive, or at least that we should hear something of or from him—but thus far in vain.

"Greatly as I must alarm you by this confession, it is no longer possible for me to delay it.—Your letter was accompanied by one in an hand with which I am unacquainted. I conclude that the letter is from Count Waldenberg.—It is directed to Frederick; and your mother will deliver it to him immediately on his arrival. Heaven speed that moment! In the interim, I cannot but feel the greatest anxiety respecting him, though I hope and trust that it is only some unforeseen cir-

cumstance of business, or some unavoidable engagement of benevolence, that detains him. Your dear mother had hoped, that, before this time, he would have been on his return to Vienna, on the happy errand of bringing you once more to her arms. For *your* return, she can wait no longer; but entreats that you would solicit your kind, your excellent friends, to procure for you some safe guidance, and a female attendant, to conduct you hither as soon as possible. She dares not ask, though so much she wishes, that those noble friends would themselves continue a little longer their friendly guardianship, and give her the happiness of thanking them in person, for a benefit which she declares that the dedication of all her future days to their service, could never repay. Mrs. Morley charges me with the most affectionate congratulations on your safety; and Mr. Morley, in *his* way, rejoicing also, adds, that 'he would fain have the liberty of 'tumbling that canting villain Weber over 'the cliff, at full tide.' Marian, poor Marian! has scarcely suffered less, or rejoiced less,

than your mother. Hasten, my sweet girl—hasten your return, and let us hope that you will find Frederick among us;—for, concluding that you will so soon set forward, we shall hold him fast at his return, for which every day, and every hour, we continue to hope, and pray.—Your mother will add a postscript; she is not yet strong enough to do more.—

"Believe me—as ever,

"Your affectionate and faithful friend,

"MORDAUNT MELCOMBE."

"P. S. Mr. Melcombe has said all for me, my sweet Helena,—except that which never can be said, how much I have suffered, and what I now experience of thankfulness to Heaven for your safety, and gratitude to those amiable, those excellent friends! but indeed I am not yet able to write of any thing,—least of all, of what I *feel*. Come to me, my child, my love! hasten, hasten to my arms.

"Your tenderly affectionate mother,

"MARIA VILLIERS."

Helena had read no more of this letter than had been sufficient to shew her that Frederick had never been heard of, when she uttered a shriek of horror, and crying out—

"Oh the monster, Wolfinger!" pressed her hand on her forehead, and fell senseless, by the side of the Baroness.

The Baroness, terrified by her situation, and still more so by her words, starting up, rang for assistance;—caught up the letter, —threw it down again —"O that I might read it!"—she exclaimed:—then again ringing for the tardy servants, who now made their appearance, threw up the window, and called on Helena to speak to her—At length, their cares restored her from her swoon; but, with life, returned all her terrors,—and, a flood of bitter tears spoke how deeply they had sunk into her heart.—

The attendants dismissed, the letter was imparted to the Baroness, who sympathized too feelingly in all that Helena feared upon the subject, to attempt consolation.

Together they perused every sentence of the letter. The words were swords to the hearts of both.

"O God!—preserve but his *life*," cried the Baroness, after a long, and agonizing silence, "and never more will I——" she hid her face on the shoulder of Helena, who, pressing her in her arms, only re-echoed her supplication for his safety.

"As things now are," said the Baroness, "I will most assuredly accompany you to England, and, I trust, deliver you in safety to your mother.

Helena again embraced her, thanked, and blessed her; and they strove to hope, against hope, that Mr. Melcombe's suggestions might be realized, and that they might find Beaumont arrived before them.

The Baroness lost no time in acquainting her brother with the alarming letter that had been received, and her consequent determination.—

The Count most sincerely regretted the departure of Helena, and the obstacles

which prevented him from also accompanying her to her native land.

"But it is here that *I* must await Mr. Beaumont," said he; "and if he did, as I hope, arrive after the departure of this letter, he would see the necessity of his returning immediately for the purpose of attending the trial of Marsiglio.

The Count made every possible arrangement for the safety, and comfort, of his sister, and her lovely friend.

Their journey, though necessarily tedious, was unattended by any accident.

At Tonningen they found waiting for a fair wind, a packet, which tolerably accommodated the ladies, and their attendants. —The wind proving very favourable, within a few days, they were landed at Yarmouth, and thence proceeded to Hastings, where Helena once more, felt herself encircled in her mother's arms.

CHAP. LXXXII.

"Is Frederick arrived?" asked Helena—trembling—gasping—panting for the answer.—

"Alas, no! my child!"—said Mrs. Villiers, still weeping, with painful pleasure, at her daughter's return.

"Not yet!—O my friend,"—turning to the Baroness, who was unable to speak, "he will return no more."—

How was all the joy of this long-desired meeting turned to bitterest sorrow by this disappointment! How tumultuous, how confused were the addresses of Mrs. Villiers to that kind, that sheltering friend of her Helena, whom she had so anxiously wished to see, to love, almost to worship! and how much did Mrs. Villiers feel of admiration, though not unmingled with surprise, at the agonizing sensibility with

which that tender friend appeared to share the sorrows of Helena.

Mrs. Morley had, soon after the first moment of meeting, quietly entered the apartment, and was now endeavouring, by arguments, by pleadings, by benevolent attentions, to restore composure and impart consolation: but it would not be. The Baroness made the most strenuous efforts to command her feelings, but, the poor Helena, the story of whose heart was known, and who felt as if the whole world were disappearing from her eyes, sunk, wholly overwhelmed by her apprehensions.

"My fears were indeed prophetic!" she cried—"they may, even now, be realized!—Oh! save me, save me from the light of day!"—and, hiding her eyes, she seized the arm of the Baroness, and fled to her own apartment, where new agitations awaited her from the overpowering transport of her poor Marian, at her safe return.

Marian, ever sanguine while it was pos-

sible to hope, was *sure* that Mr. Beaumont would soon arrive. Helena threw herself on her bed, and, as soon as it was possible, dismissed the affectionate girl, and shared her miseries with the Baroness alone.

The latter took the first occasion of unfolding to Mrs. Morley, and Mrs. Villiers, the hideous tale of Marsiglio's crimes, and the particular cause of alarm that arose from the attendance of Wolfinger on Frederick Beaumont.—

She strove to comfort herself, and her auditors, with all the hope that could be derived from the attendance of her brother's trusty servant. Yet, greatly as they all wished to rest on this consolation, they felt their hearts subdued by fear.

Mr. Morley wrote these accounts to Mr. Melcombe. Horror-stricken at the dark deeds of Marsiglio, and his agent, he recoiled from the thought that the latter had been retained, unfettered, near the person of Frederick. He wrote in terms

of consolation, he used every argument which reason permitted him to advance, in support of the probability of Frederick's safe return; but his soul sickened at the possibility of fallacy in those arguments:—still, however, in words, and in heart, he commended his friend, to the protection of Heaven, and—he did not despair.

Mr. Melcombe's letter was communicated to Helena. His judgment had ever, to her, appeared infallible:—how ardently did she now hope that it was so! "Yet," said she, "too well do I know, that, on this point, he would say all that he could *extort* from truth."

She felt, however, a support from his reasonings, his consolations, his confidence in Heaven; and she taught the Baroness to admire, to love, and to trust Mr. Melcombe.

Days, and weeks, succeeded;—and still did the whole party linger at Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. Morley prolonged their

stay, because they thought it far more desirable, for Mrs. Villiers, and her daughter, to await, some time longer, intelligence of Beaumont, in a place from which the novelty had not yet worn off, than to return, dejected, and disappointed, to the scenes of former happiness.

The Baroness resolved that she would leave Helena no more, 'till she left her happy in the sight, and safety, of that Beaumont, whom they both, alas!—so truly loved.

CHAP. LXXXIII.

Mrs. Villiers, whose mind had been early wounded by her own afflictions, and recently softened by those of her daughter, often found a mournful gratification in sitting alone at her window, when all were retired to rest, contemplating the moon, and listening to the owl, which inhabited one of the sandy caverns in the neighbouring hill, and mingled her wailings with the roar of the sea.

One of these "kindly moods of melancholy" thus vented itself in a few irregular stanzas, addressed

To the Owl.

1.

Sequester'd bird, who fliest the busy light,
Courting the gloom of yon impervious vale,
To hold sad converse with the storms of night,
And pour, in shrieks, thy never-varying tale,
To thee I call!—Here rest thy weary wing,
Neglected, lonely, melancholy thing!

II.

Though at thy mournful, wild, prophetic note
Pale Superstition starts, and stands aghast,
Or hurries to her dark, and rocky cell,
Where Terror, and his shadowy offspring dwell,
Murmuring, and shuddering at the dismal blast,—

III.

Or, to the peaceful tenants of the plain
Wings her dread way, and sinks each heart with fear,
Wakes the fond mother, terrified, and pale,
Lest Danger should her cradled babe assail,
And bids her hark thy shriek, and fancy death is
near,—

IV.

Though the hard seaman, stranger to dismay,
Yet startles at thy fate-denouncing voice,
Views the wild tempest, and the rocky shore,
And trembling sighs lest he should bid no more
His distant home, and long-left wife rejoice;

I, unappall'd, can listen to thy note,
I find strange comfort in thy tuneless strain,
Which flatters not, nor soothes, nor lulls the heart
To dream of joys which life can ne'er impart,
Nor gilds its poverty with titles vain.

VI.

Beneath the shelter of thine ivied throne,
Illumin'd by the sweet moon's silvery beam,
Oft let me wander, when the sons of Care
Have lost in sleep each waking hope, and fear,
When nought is heard but some soft-murmuring stream,

VII.

Or the white refluent wave, returning still
To fill the pause of thy repeated strain,
Soothing my pensive heart, while the tam'd mind
Sighs o'er the miseries of human kind,
Born but to suffer, struggle, and complain.

VIII.

Come then, neglected, solitary bird!
Thy rude, and melancholy notes prolong!
With thee, I 'll shun the glare of busy light,
With thee, hold converse with the storms of night,
Still roam with thee, the woods and shades among,
With thee, my sad, and constant vigils keep:—
Wake, then, with me, who only wake to weep!

The only solace of Helena was to wander along the most unfrequented parts of the sea-shore; usually accompanied by the Baroness, or, sometimes only by Marian. Frequently, she would bend her course

over the turf-clad hills that rise above the town, still keeping as near as possible to the edge of the cliff,—throwing her strained sight to the furthest extent of the horizon, and hoping, fondly hoping that some one of the many vessels she beheld making their way towards her, would bear tidings, though she guessed not whence, of her absent Frederick! Sometimes, she imagined that the ship in which he had embarked, might have been taken by the enemy;—then would her fancy call up all the horrors of a prison in France.

"Yet—yet—if he but lives," would she say, "Oh could I but know that he is not gone for ever!"

Early one afternoon, in the month of September, while a fresh breeze was blowing from the sea, she had wandered forth attended by Marian, to a greater distance than usual from the town, along the edge of the cliff, indulging reflections like these, in almost total silence. The wind rose higher, and blew colder; but she

found something like relief to her thoughts, while continuing to walk, without the painful effort of conversation, and she disregarded Marian's advice to return home. The sea began to swell; and she loved to stand, and watch its rising fury. Looking now towards the horizon, she beheld a stormy cloud:—it was as the darkness of night. She continued to watch it, as it advanced towards the shore.—A ship was driven before it, and, as in a few minutes she could perceive, was more rapidly gaining on the shore. She beheld it reeling to the blast, and became so deeply interested in its fate, that, though the storm increased at every instant, she was still deaf to the entreaties of her attendant to hasten home, and still remained, watching the tempest in horror, and dismay.

The ocean rose in wild rebellion against the clouds. The noble ship, sport of the "yesty waves," still struggled with an air of grandeur, against the storm; yet two of the masts were broken down, the sails

were shivered to rags. The pitchy cloud still followed close behind it, as if commissioned on its ruin.—A gun was fired in signal of distress—

"O God! preserve the lives within!" cried Helena—"what boat will dare approach them?"—

A blast, like roaring thunder, now snapped the rudder, and the ungoverned vessel drove full upon the coast.

Helena had, a moment before, descried a large boat, tossed upon the foaming surge, and fighting its way towards the vessel; but when the rudder broke, it tacked as if fearful to approach. A crowd of desperate wretches were seen plunging headlong from the ship. Many of them swam to the boat, and were borne safely to the shore, but many, many sunk—never to rise again.

The pitying heart of Helena bewailed their fate, and, expecting every moment to see the vessel dashed upon the rocks, cast her eyes on every side; but vainly

looked for assistance for those who might be thrown upon the land. The next moment the vessel was driven violently against the cliff.

Again, and again it struck. Helena heard the horrible concussion, and saw the vessel part asunder. She heard the last piercing cries of the passengers—she could bear no more—but, throwing herself on the ground, hid her eyes in anguish, from the scene.

The same feelings, however, which at one moment, overwhelmed her, in the next stimulated her to exertion.

She started up, perceived half-drowning wretches struggling with the tremendous billows, and again cast round her eager eyes for help.

No help was nigh.

"Stand here, Marian, and see what befals," said Helena; and withont another word, flew, on the wings of pity, toward a farm-house, which it suddenly occurred to her, was not far distant. She called,

she screamed, for help; then, meeting, at the instant, with two men, who were just then, returning from their work, she told them of the distress, and implored them, adding a promise of large rewards, to return with her, and save, if possible, some of the ship-wrecked sufferers.

While the men prepared to obey her, she ran forward in quest of further aid.—The son of the farmer now appeared; and had no sooner heard her account, than, ordering all his servants to attend him with ropes, he flew, like an arrow, toward the cliff.

Helena followed, with all the speed she could use; and no sooner had arrived at the spot whence she had departed, than she beheld two bodies thrown on the shelving cliff beneath.

At the same moment, arrived Mr. Morley's servant, who had been sent out in search of her.

The fury of the storm, which had swelled the sea considerably above its usual height

had thus cast them on a projection of the rock, half way up toward the summit.

"They are drowned,"—said one of the men, "it is too late to save them."

"O possibly not!—they may revive," cried Helena; "make the attempt, for Heaven's sake!—See! see!—the waves are rising again, and will wash them away!"

They did rise, but not quite so high as before, and soon retreated,—leaving the two bodies still without sense, if not without life. Helena looked down on them, in unspeakable distress.

One of the labourers whom she had procured, was of opinion, that, with the assistance of another man, and a light boy, who could be lowered, by means of a rope, they might have a chance of bringing up one of the two persons; but that the weight of a heavy man would, inevitably, drag down the rest.

"Give *me* the rope"—cried Helena—"I am light enough."—

Marian opposed this with a cry of terror.

"Not for the world," said the young farmer; "I will go myself."

"God bless you, Sir," cried Helena, and Marian, with one voice. "But,"—asked Helena, "can you make it safe to descend?"—

He satisfied her that he could: then fixing a stake, which he had brought with him, firmly into the ground, and, twisting the rope round it, bade the men to hold it fast. They hastily obeyed; Helena, and Marian, assisting with all the little strength they could exert.

And now, slowly, and cautiously, the young man descended the almost perpendicular cliff, till he reached the ship-wrecked men. He caught the hand of him who lay nearest, and who at that moment, opened his eyes, and gasped for breath.

"Hold me fast," cried the young man, "and endeavour to raise yourself."

He did so,—seizing the extended hand with a convulsive grasp.

The rope was then drawn up, and the heroic youth, with his almost lifeless charge, reached the summit in safety.

The "ruffian billows," in the mean time, rose higher than ever, and the other unfortunate Being was washed away.

Helena was now applying all her efforts to the recovery of the ship-wrecked man; but the young farmer advised that he should be taken instantly to the town, for the benefit of medical assistance. Helena directed them to convey him to the house of Mr. Morley.

The men accordingly raised, and bore along the stranger, who had now relapsed into insensibility; and Helena, supported by Marian, and the young farmer, reached Mr. Morley's abode, just as the evening was closing in. All had, again, been in terror on her account; terror, little abated by the story of her adventure, but which was quickly lost in humanity, and compassion, for the unfortunate sufferers in the scene which she had witnessed; and most

particularly for the individual whom, as she said, she had ventured to conduct home with her, not knowing, at that late hour, where else to have lodged him, nor how, otherwise, to have procured for him the succours which his situation so urgently required.

Mr. Morley, though he secretly wished that this stranger could have been accommodated elsewhere, yet, not being destitute of human feeling, immediately ordered a bed to be prepared for him; and, by the usual means, animation was soon restored.

For many days afterward the surgeon continued to attend, not the stranger only, but Miss Villiers also, who had suffered severely from extreme agitation, as well as from a violent cold occasioned by standing, so long exposed to the fury of the winds.

CHAP. LXXXIV.

THE Baroness shared with Mrs. Villiers the tender task of nursing Helena, and it was not long before their united cares were, in a considerable degree, rewarded.

In the mean time, the stranger, who had, through her means, recovered life, safety, and repose, was daily gathering strength, and health, under the roof of Mr. Morley, to whom he had no sooner expressed his gratitude, than he was anxious to hear of, and if possible to see, the benevolent young lady whom, he said, he had observed, during his few moments of recollection, administering to his aid, and directing the exertions of those around her.

Mr. Morley informed him that it had, indeed, been wholly owing to the active tenderness, and ready presence of mind, of that young lady, that he had not pe-

rished on the rock upon which he had been cast away. Then, relating the particulars at large, he incautiously added that her health had materially suffered, from the fatigue, and terror, she had endured. This account greatly distressed the stranger.—He expressed himself more desirous than ever to behold his preserver, and also inquired whether there there was no other lady to whom he might be allowed to pay his acknowledgments for the benevolent, and hospitable accommodation which he had received. The reply was, that no acknowledgments could be necessary; but that Mrs. Morley would be happy to see him, as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to be introduced to her with ease, and comfort, to himself.

Within two days after this conversation, the stranger made his appearance in a breakfast-room not far remote from his own apartment.

The ladies were there assembled when he entered.—Just as Mr. Morley was

about to present the stranger to the party individually, his eye glanced on Helena.

"Is not *this* my preserver?" he earnestly asked.

Being answered in the affirmative, he gazed on her, while he strove to speak his thanks, with an intentness of admiration, which called a blush into her pallid cheeks. Yet, while his air of superiority awed and impressed her, she could not but feel every moment an increasing interest in the gentlemanly dignity of his manners, and in the tender sort of deference which, though far exceeding her in age, he seemed to pay towards herself. After a few hours of general conversation, the stranger confessed himself somewhat fatigued, and proposed withdrawing to his own apartment.

As he passed by Helena, he stopped, for a moment, to express to her his earnest wishes for her perfect recovery. She was rising to reply to them.

"Sit still, my Helena," said her mother;

"you look flurried, and languid:—you will excuse her, Sir, I am sure."

The stranger answered not, but first fixed his eyes stedfastly on Helena,—then on Mrs. Villiers; and left the room, inviting Mr. Morley, by a slight gesture, to follow him. He complied, and, in the course of about an hour, returned to his friends, and thus accounted for his long absence.—

"Our guest has thought it necessary, in consequence, as he is pleased to say, of the extraordinary attention he has received, to give me some account of himself; and, it is with pleasure I can assure you all, that he is a gentleman of high respectability. When I was in India, his character, though not his person, was well known to me. He informs me he came away somewhat sooner than he had intended on account of his health; and now he says, he hopes never to leave England again.

"Tell your friends," said he, "that Mr. Durford hopes to live to shew his

gratitude both to you, and them, for the benevolence exerted in behalf of a stranger."

Mr. Durford continued gradually to recover his strength, and daily passed some hours with the family, where he was now entertained with an increase of kindness, confidence, and respect. His attentions, though gratefully, and courteously, distributed to all, were still, most distinguishingly, paid to Helena. He had been frequent, and anxious, in his inquiries respecting his fellow-sufferers in the storm, and had learned with grief how few had been rescued from its fury. He was one morning conversing with Mrs. Villiers, and her daughter, on this painful subject, when Mr. Barker, the medical gentleman who attended him, entered the room.

On catching the topick of discourse, as he entered, Mr. Barker observed that he was still attending one of the sufferers in a fever, the consequence of his long continuance in the water.

"He is in great concern too," continued he, "respecting an elderly gentleman of the name of Beaumont, who, he says, was his master, and who, he greatly fears, was lost. Do you know, Sir——"

"God forbid," exclaimed Helena, clasping her hands together; "why, Sir, why does he think so?"

"Because, Madam, he has not been heard of since the shipwreck. Did you know such a person, Madam?"

"Yes—no—that is I—I never saw him; but—but——"

"He was struggling in the waves at the same moment with myself," said Mr. Durford.

"Was his name *Augustus* Beaumont, Sir?" asked Helena, with trembling lips.

"It was, Madam," said Mr. Durford.

Helena, now finding herself utterly unequal to the task of controlling her emotions, which were already visible in her countenance, suddenly rose up, and left the

room. Mrs. Villiers immediately followed her.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Barker took his leave, and Mr. Durford remained alone. He walked up and down the room for some time; he rang the bell, and inquired for Marian, who had been his most constant nurse and attendant.

She entered.

"Will you," he asked, "have the goodness to entreat Miss Villiers to give me her company for a few minutes?"

Helena complied. He took her hand, while his own trembled violently; and, seating her by his side, looked tenderly in her face. He perceived that her eyes were heavy with weeping, and that the flush of agitation was still on her cheek.

"Tell me, my kind, my benevolent preserver," said he, "whence is this new distress?—for that something *before* this was pressing upon your mind, I have seen with the bitterest regret:—But *why* do you so deeply lament the death of Mr. Beaumont, since, as you say, you have never seen him in your life?"

Helena burst into a passion of sorrow, which included all that concerned Mr. Beaumont,—and Mr. Beaumont's son.

Mr. Durford supported her in his arms, and gently pressed her within them.

She retreated in surprise from his embrace, walked across the room, and strove to recover her composure, then reseated herself with dignity by his side.

Again he implored her to answer his question. "Because, Sir, very particular circumstances brought me acquainted with his name, occasioned me to respect it—to wish for the preservation of a life which is very dear to—to a friend—a dearly valued friend, who——" She could not conclude the sentence, nor restrain her tears from flowing afresh.

"What a daughter-in-law to reject!"—said Mr. Durford suddenly.

"Sir!" cried Helena; "what! are you then acquainted with——"

She checked herself instantly.

"Ah, Miss Villiers!" resumed he, "what would *I* not give for such a daugh-

ter! would this be quite impossible? I have a son——"

Helena hid her face with her hands. "For Heaven's sake, Sir, no more—never, never, I entreat you, allude again to such a subject! Oh! could you but know where this breaking heart——"

"It is engaged then?"

After a painful pause she answered, "I have unwarily implied, Sir, that it is."

Mr. Durford resumed:—"Pardon me, I entreat you; for being further inquisitive; —you know not what powerful motives compel me:—Is the possessor of it ungrateful?"

"No, no, no, Sir—he is all that is—— Oh if he lives!"

"He has left you then?"

"His father, Sir, required it."

"Did he so? What a tyrannical father was he!"

"Oh say not so, Sir; he was deceived, strangely deceived: perverted reports, arising from such perplexing circumstances!— but I must beseech you, Sir, to spare me all

further discussions, they are nothing less than torture to me.—Oh how well would you understand this, had you but the *slightest* knowledge of Frederick Beaumont!"

She started at herself;—she looked fearfully on the stranger;—he was trembling as with a palsy, and his arms were extended toward her, as he exclaimed—"He is my SON, sweet Helena!"

She heard—she sat, for a while, as if petrified with astonishment—then sunk on her knees into his embrace.——"And you," he continued, "are an injured angel!"—and the father of Frederick wept over her with the sobs of a child.

It was long before either of them could utter a syllable; at length he was able to say, "Can you forgive me? Yet how can I doubt it? Stranger as I was, you preserved my life;—I was the destroyer of your happiness, yet you palliated my offences, and wept my death."

"Blessed be the hour that sent me to your aid!" cried the half-suffocated Helena.

Mr. Beaumont then adverted to that part of their conversation which led to this happy discovery.

"Can you pardon me too," said he, "for the tortures which I have made you suffer this day from my cruel questions? Credulous, infatuated as I have been, deceived by false representations, and impetuously acting upon them, I was, I confess it, anxious to hear, from your own lips, what impression the conduct I had pursued had made on your mind;—it was therefore that I led to the subject of your attachment to my son, by soliciting your attention to the idea of a marriage with another;—and it was in the hope of removing, by my respectful attentions toward yourself and Mrs. Villiers, the prejudice which I feared you had both imbibed against me, that I plotted with Mr. Morley the subterfuge for which I have again to entreat forgiveness, of announcing myself under a feigned character. The name of Helena, uttered by your mother, combined with the descriptions I

had received of Helena Villiers, struck me with instant suspicion that you were indeed that Helena whom I had heard so injuriously——but I dare not speak of what I heard—of what I was guilty of so easily believing. Mr. Morley explained all, and further acquainted me with the cruel and harassing calamities which you have since endured by means of the vile Italian."

"He was a disgrace to his country, and to the world," cried Helena, "and he was, I know not why, the enemy of Frederick. —O Sir! could you know half that I have suffered within this miserable year!"

"Pierce not my heart as yet, my child, my treasure, with the relation of your past sufferings! soon, very soon, I hope, I trust, all will be well;—but tell me, where is my noble boy, and when shall we have him amongst us?"

"Did not Mr. Morley tell you, Sir.? —"He told me that 'you had heard but 'seldom from him since my—prohibition.' —Mr. Morley had, indeed, in the hope,

hourly cherished, of further tidings of Frederick, confessed no more."

What a task was left for Helena!—it was more than she could encounter with any degree of calmness; new paroxysms of grief assailed her. The terrified father would bear with no evasive answers, but soon wrung from her the miserable truth.

Now, then, was the whole mystery of her secret cares unfolded; and oh how deeply, how painfully shared, by the warm, the impetuous, but ever affectionate parent of him whom she lamented and adored!

The succeeding scenes of explanation and astonishment, in which Mrs. Villiers, the Baroness, &c. were concerned, were most interesting, and would have been felicitous, had not the mysterious absence of Frederick cast over every ray of brighter colouring, the darkening clouds of fear, sorrow, and disappointment.

The tumultuous feelings awakened by these discoveries, however, at length, in some measure subsided. Mr. Beaumont,

who lived but in the presence of his daughter, as he proudly called her, recovered daily; he offered a noble recompense to all who had assisted in rescuing him from death; but neither arguments nor entreaties could prevail on William Price (the young farmer, who, by venturing down the cliff, had saved his life) to accept of the smallest compensation. Mrs. Villiers now languished for home, and the whole party, in despair of seeing Frederick at Hastings, seemed to hope for change of feelings from change of place.

Mrs. Villiers, alleging to the Baroness and Mr. Beaumont, that they were a part of her family, insisted on their accompanying her into Monmouthshire. She repeated the invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Morley; but their absence from their own house had already been prolonged far beyond their first intention; they also felt, that it would not be a seasonable time for their visit, and declined the proposal, in the hope of accepting it under happier auspices another year.

In compliance with these plans, the party dispersed; and Mrs. and Miss Villiers, the Baroness and Mr. Beaumont took the road to Wales. There was Helena, with various and sympathizing emotions, embraced by her Matilda; and there the whole party found all the consolation which they were capable of receiving, from the conversation, the friendship, the kindness of Mr. Melcombe. He, depressed as he was by his own apprehensions, could yet rejoice in the sight of his old friend, and in the happy change which had taken place in the sentiments of that friend respecting himself, as well as Helena; could entirely forget his past unmerited suspicions; and, for the sake of all, could exert his spirits and his reason, that he might speak of hope, although he felt it not.

One there was, however, included in the return to Monmouthshire, who revisited her home with reluctance.

The good and gentle Marian drooped her head, and looked so sad, that her kind

young mistress was led to inquire the cause. After much hesitation, much confusion, it was acknowledged Marian had left her heart behind her. Helena was not slow in conjecturing who was the happy youth that possessed it ; it was William Price, the excellent young man, who, with such dauntless humanity, had descended the cliff to save the life of Mr. Beaumont, and whose worth had afterwards been celebrated by Marian to her mistress.

"You told me that he became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Morley," said Helena ;—"did he ever say any thing explicit, Marian ?"

"No, Ma'am, not quite explicit—he was very kind and very affectionate—and I thought—he meant—he looked——"

"You must endeavour to forget him, Marian," said Helena, sorrowfully shaking her head.

Marian wept, and withdrew.

CHAP. LXXXV.

It will be remembered that when Helena left Vienna with the Baroness, the wretched Marsiglio had fallen from a high wall, and had been most severely bruised, and maimed, by the accident.

In pain, and misery, however, he still continued to exist; and his case still gave every prospect, (we will not say every hope) of recovery.

The Count continued to wish that he might die, without being dragged to a publick execution; and the miserable wretch himself, despairing of acquittal when brought to trial, began to wish for a conclusion of his earthly sufferings, which he endeavoured to hope, conformably with what he had always professed to believe, were to be the termination of all his miseries.

But the narrative must now return to a still more early period, and trace the footsteps of an object far more interesting to the historian, and, it is hoped, to the reader.

Frederick Beaumont then, as before mentioned, quitted Vienna, in pursuit of Helena, and Marsiglio. He travelled in his chaise alone;—Wolfinger, and the servant of the Count, following on horseback;—the latter prepared, unknown to his companion, with a pistol in each pocket; which he was ordered to use on the first attempt of Wolfinger, in the way either of attack, or escape. Frederick also carried arms in his chaise. The tardy progress of the German wheels threw him into a fever of irritation, which was not cooled by the necessity of sometimes stopping, that his attendants might take rest and food. He could himself, most willingly, have dispensed with both, 'till nature could no longer have supported the deprivation.

When his servants had been properly refreshed, however, no *other* consideration was capable of detaining him; and, in opposition to the representations, and remonstrances, both of Wolfinger, and his companion, Beaumont prepared to travel steadily onward, through one of the thickest forests in Germany, towards the decline of day.

The sun was set, when he reached its borders; and it would be dark midnight before he could hope to have passed through its shades.

Wolfinger knew, and had hinted, that this forest covered the abode of certain desperate Banditti; but had obtained no further notice of his information, than a contemptuous frown, and the words "Cowardice is ever inseparable from cruelty," uttered in a tone of reproach.

Long before the night came on, however, in a sequestered road, issuing from a roof of overhanging boughs, the fears of Wolfinger were justified:—a fierce call

to "stand," was the first notice of attack; and four savage desperadoes, well mounted, and well armed, rushed out from the winding paths of the forest.

Beaumont loudly ordered the drivers to go on: they feared to obey him, but proceeded a few steps:—the robbers with tremendous oaths, instantly fired upon them; —and drawing their swords, cruelly disabled the leading horses. — Beaumont, seizing his arms, leaped from the carriage; and, calling upon his men to second him, prepared for a vigorous defence. Count Waldenberg's servant placed himself by Frederick, and fired one of his pistols, but without effect. Wolfinger turned his horse and fled: a robber fired after him, and he fell.—

Frederick, meanwhile, was defending himself with his sword, having given another to his attendant, who also opposed himself resolutely to the assailants. Frederick, brave by nature, and raging with impatience at this insupportable delay,

fought like something more than man. The robbers, raging no less at such unlooked-for opposition, made their attacks with the fury of demons.

Blood was now flowing on every side. Frederick severely wounded two of the robbers; but, unhappily, one of them gave a mortal blow to the trusty servant of Count Waldenberg. Beaumont received many wounds, but felt them not; and continued to oppose his antagonists, and defend himself, without yielding an inch of ground. His pistol he had unfortunately dropped at the moment when he raised his sword.

"Thunder and lightning!" vociferated one of the Banditti,—"what devil is this? —Comrades—present your carabines."—

They obeyed, and four death-dealing weapons were pointed at the breast of Frederick,—when, the word "Stop" was loudly uttered in a voice of command. The robbers lowered their carabines, and two others arrived at full speed—of a mién apparently superior to the rest.—

"Caitiffs!" he cried, "four of you, firing upon one man! Why do you not seize him alive?"—

The speaker, who was evidently the Captain of the band, now looked full in the face of Frederick, whose features there was yet light enough to render visible. He stared wildly, as he examined them. Frederick spoke in acknowledgment of his timely interference. At the sound of his voice, the Captain leaped from his horse, threw his cap from his head, and casting himself before the feet of Beaumont, exclaimed,

"By Heaven above, if they had fired, I would have sacrificed them all."

Then mournfully raising his eyes to those of Frederick—"Remember you not the old man in the wood? and remember you not *me*?"

Then, dropping his face upon his hands,

"Yet,—how do I dare recall your recollection to such a wretch?"

"I do remember you," answered Frederick: "this chance is wonderful!"

A whispered growl ran through the sullen assembly; and, glancing their eyes at each other, they seized their dirks.

Their Captain knew that no time was to be lost; and, starting up from the feet of Frederick,—

"Slaves!—villains!"—he cried—"do you mutter?—Look on this man!—while yet a youth, he saved the life of my father, whom *I* had deserted, and driven to madness!—Touch a hair of his head, and dread the extremities of my revenge.—See—you have half murdered him already;"—then, pressing the hand of Frederick, as a signal not to contradict him, "Let us take him carefully home, recover him, and win him to our cause:—he will make us invincible. Swear, all of you, swear obedience to him, next to myself."

They stood before him like chidden boys—and swore, on their faith to their

Captain, to be faithful to his friend. Beaumont, now, unable to stand a moment longer, was replaced in his chaise, and followed by the Captain, who, at the same time, gave orders that his men should lead the two horses which remained unhurt, and that all should attend him, and return home for that night.—

The robbers disentangled the leaders from the carriage, and by order of their Captain, gave them their final release from misery:—the postillions were already dead, as also, unfortunately, was the trusty servant of the Count.

Beaumont, nearly fainting as he was, lost not the recollection of Wolfinger; but, before the chaise began to move, was just able to entreat of Robert Woodland, (for he indeed it was) that if any of the attendants still survived, they might be taken care of.

"One of them," said he, with difficulty drawing his breath, "it is of the utmost consequence to me to have well secured, and

carried whithersoever I am to be carried myself. He is a worthless fellow, but his life is necessary to me."

Woodland, carefully resting the almost lifeless Beaumont in a corner of the chaise, again stepped from it, and, inquiring of his men whether any of the attendants survived, one of them ran towards the spot where Wolfinger had fallen, and reported that he was bleeding fast, but shewed signs of life.—

"Let him be supported on a horse," said Woodland, "and taken carefully home."

Woodland was obeyed.—He then re-entered the chaise, and, while he sustained the drooping head of Frederick upon his bosom, they were driven slowly along.—

"The only survivor among your attendants," said Woodland, "is one who attempted to fly."—

"Will it be possible to recover him, think you?" asked Frederick, in a feeble, but earnest voice.

"That cannot, as yet, be ascertained, but every effort shall be made, since so much you wish it."

"I do, most ardently:—and are the others all dead?"—

"All."

"Poor fellows!" cried Frederick, sighing heavily.

"Will you now," said Woodland, "answer *me* one question, which yet, I dread to ask?—My father——."

Frederick shook his head.

"He is gone, then!"—

"He is;—but he was taken proper care of, and died at last in his senses."—

"Heaven's mercy be praised!" cried Woodland,—"even that is more than I deserved to hear;"—and he hid his face against the side of the carriage.

"But I can give you one consolation you little hope for," resumed Frederick:—"Your sister——"

"My sister!—what do you—can you—know of my sister?"—

"That she has suffered severely;—but I left her well, and comfortably situated; and her daughter is—or *was*—under the protection of an earthly angel."—

"Blessed tidings!" cried Woodland.

"But," continued Frederick, "I can tell you no more at present:—I am very faint—and my wounds grow painful:—you have tried hard to save my life—God bless you for it, and forgive your errors!"

"Your life will be—shall be saved," cried he; "I have powerful remedies—O God! O God! this is the only consolation the world has to give to my miserable, offending soul!—You were my benefactor, and I have kept you in my heart ever since that wondrous hour in which you stood between my father, and impending death.—But we are now arrived:—prepare for a gloomy entrance to a gloomy abode."—

At the same moment they stopped in a rugged, narrowing road, overhung with boughs, impenetrable to the noon-day sun.

The robbers declared that there was not room for the carriage to proceed a single step further; but said that they could carry the gentleman in. Woodland permits this, and, himself, assists.—They arrive at the mouth of a rocky cave;—they unlock a massy door, which

> ——"On its hinges grates
> Harsh thunder"——

They then descend by a few steps, into a region of total darkness.

"Light! Light!—quickly!"—cried the Captain. While it was preparing, Frederick opened his eyes:—no ray met them—no sounds struck on his ears, but words, and tones, that seemed to issue from the breasts of beings distinct from the human race.

"And this," said he, internally, "is my tomb!—here, buried before my death, I must bid Helena farewell! and leave her ——now!" But the idea of her situation while left in the power of Marsiglio,

drew a groan from his bosom so deep, and dreadful, that Woodland thought it was his last. . . . .

Light was at length procured; and Woodland, holding it eagerly to the face of his patient, joyfully perceived that his eyes were not closed. He then gently bore him to a couch which he ordered to be hastily prepared for him; applied to his wounds such remedies as were in use in this wild society; and, giving him a composing medicine, took his seat by his side; having, in the mean time, ordered the like attention to be paid to his wounded men, as also to Beaumont's servant, who was laid in a kind of cell at some distance from his master.

"I shall constantly take up my lodging in your apartment," said Woodland, "that I may serve both as a nurse, and a guard to you; since I know not what course these tigers may take, when they perceive how much my attention is engrossed by you."

"Do not provoke their resentment, for your own sake, I entreat you," said Frederick :—"I will keep myself as quiet as the present state of my mind will suffer;—yet—O my God!—this detention is death to me. How am I to live through the fever of impatience it brings upon me?—but leave me, I beseech you! and, take my promise that I will struggle for composure."

"Do so," said Woodland. "The draught I have given you will dispose you to sleep;—yet, I fear, you will be roused from it ere long by the boisterous mirth of these wretches, and in which it is absolutely necessary that I should join:—yet to-night, above all nights, I could wish them in their graves;—no other place will ever see them quiet! They are now preparing supper; and then, our horrible orgies will begin."

"I feel the effect of your draught already," said Frederick :—"Good night—I pray you leave me."—

"Shortly I will;"—said Woodland.

He spoke no more; but sitting, in profound stillness, 'till he heard his patient breathe hard, as in sound sleep, stole off to his comrades, who were assembled in a kind of hall, which had been formed in this subterraneous dwelling, and around which in divers directions led small passages, to a variety of rudely carved apartments; in one of which, the wearied, wounded, and almost heart-broken Frederick Beaumont, had now sunk to rest.

CHAP. LXXXVI.

SWEET was the sleep of Frederick;—for it presented to him the worshipped form of Helena, free from the power of Marsiglio, her eyes beaming love, and tender pity for his sufferings, and her hand bearing a cup to his parched lips;—when a bursting roar of laughter shook the caverns, and put the lovely vision to flight:—then followed, in an hoarse voice, scarcely articulate from intoxication,—

"No, no, Captain: that's a devilish good story; but it shan't bilk us of our poor old Captain's song. He made it for us himself, and he sung it himself, many was the time!—aye, and the very night before he was killed;—he was a brave one!—by Beelzebub!—he died game!—But, fill your cups, lads!—clear your pipes, and chorus the Captain:—Come along, Captain, and don't look so plaguy

glum.—*We* have most reason to whine, when you cut our sport so short:—sing away as you did t'other night, when we had made a good job on't."

The Captain at length complied, and this was his song—concluded by a chorus which made every pulse in Frederick's burning forehead throb with pain.

The Captain's Song.

I.

To the forest away!—
We are rid of the day:—
  Let travellers quail at the freebooter's name.
'T is the hour of the brave—
Rush abroad from your cave,
  And be seizing, my lions! your nightly game.

II.

Our horses are ready—
Be arm'd, and be steady—
  The standing to strike, and the fall'n to secure:
The ball, and the dagger,
Their boldest shall stagger,
  And the blades in our scabbards are thirsty, and
    sure.

III.

Hush! hark! and be still—
From the brink of the hill
  I descry in yon valley a glorious prize!
Our hearts are all good:—
Let us wind through the wood,
  And pounce on our victims like hawks from the
    skies.

IV.

Stand! yield! or ye die:—
No—they dare to defy
  The storm of our onset, my Myrmidon Band!
Pour a volley!——they groan,
And the treasure's our own!—
  Not yet—still they fight, and no quarter demand.

V.

Fire again a full round!—
Now they're biting the ground:—
  Hide your *dirks* in their hearts!—So!—the rebels
    are sped.
Each has well done his duty;
We're lords of the booty,
  And famishing vultures shall dine on the dead.

VI.

To our cavern returning,
With victory burning,
  Our dangers we'll drown in an ocean of wine:—

'Tis the trafficking slave
That brings gold to the brave----
Here's a curse to all laws that our range would
confine.

Chorus. To our cavern returning, &c.—

[*They drink round.*

A tremendous thundering of hands upon the table—tumultuous proclamations of good wishes to the Captain's health—and vehement protestations, deposed on *oath*, that it was the only song in the world worth listening to, followed this very reluctant compliance of the Captain. They then begged him to tell them "how the young fellow in the sick cell had saved the life of his old dad."

The Captain promised they should hear about it another time; but, telling them they all seemed to have "their skins full of wine," advised them to go and sleep it off, and then they would be ready for fresh exploits.

To this they at length agreed; and Woodland betook himself to his post. He

found his patient, as he expected, restless, and feverish with the disturbances of the night, and the anguish of his wounds. At length, the sons of riot being dispersed, and the wine they had drunk occasioning them to sleep profoundly, Beaumont fell again into a slumber; but—his life-imparting vision returned no more.

The sleep of the robbers was prolonged far into the succeeding day; it was indeed, reluctantly that they ever found themselves awake, while many hours of the day remained, as their lives had no employment, no object, but plunder, an object which could not be followed 'till the approach of night.

When they awoke, on the day after these events, the Captain convened them, in the hall;—told them that he had not interrupted their evening mirth, although it had very much disturbed his wounded friend; but that he must now insist on obedience to his commands; which were, that no noise should be made in the cavern

during the remainder of the day. "In the evening," he concluded, "I shall continue to watch by the gentleman myself; and do you, Rogero, attend strictly to his servant:—the rest take horse—and success attend ye!"—

They promised, and obeyed, — and Woodland spent the whole day by the side of Beaumont's couch; dressed his wounds, as well as his rude skill permitted, and gave him such medicines as from long experience in this wretched mode of life, he had, in such cases, found most efficacious.

Frederick had waked from his long sleep, considerably recruited in strength; and, though very seriously ill, and suffering real torment from his recent wounds, was just able to speak his acknowledgments to Woodland, for having given him a chance of existence, though he secretly believed that it was not *more* than a *chance*. His mind incessantly revolved the hope of escaping, as soon as health should, if ever it should

—return to him. Within a few days, he determined to relate to Woodland the extraordinary sequel of his sister's story, which, he thought, might, not improbably, induce him to renounce for ever his present mode of life, and return to England, for the purpose of rejoining, and protecting her. Frederick further reflected, that, by no other means, could he be himself, restored to liberty, without the utmost danger to the life of Woodland, from the resentment of his lawless companions.

One evening, then, when all had gone forth in quest of spoil, save only Woodland, who was sitting in careful attendance on his patient, Frederick informed him that, if he would afford him time, and suffer him to rest at intervals, he would give him, in as few words as possible, a short account of what had befallen his sister, and in how extraordinary a manner he had, himself, met with her.

Woodland having expressed his earnest

acknowledgments for the proposal, Frederick went through all the circumstances already known to the reader. This was not accomplished without great pain and difficulty, as also much agitation, during the recital of those incidents in which Helena was so deeply concerned.

Woodland, in the mean time, anxiously listened to the narrative, giving it as little interruption as was possible; but the words "O my poor, poor Rose! Villain! Monster!" would at times burst forth, and the last hours of his unhappy father wrung tears of grief and penitence from his heart.

"O that I could see my poor Rose!" said he,—"that I could kneel to the angel that rescued her from want and misery!"

"And why can you not?" asked Frederick, with extreme earnestness.

"Hear my wretched story," cried Woodland, "and then ask me why I cannot return to my country, and——the last surviving remnant of my family. When you shall have heard all, make some al-

lowance, if you can, for the ignominy into which I have been precipitated.

"When I left my poor Rose, in the manner she related to you, I walked, as speedily as I could, without exciting suspicion, toward the suburbs of London; and, on inquiry, found myself—where I most wished to be—on the road to Dover. I entered a small publick house, where I observed some sailors pledging each other pretty freely to the success of the British navy: they had so few senses left, that I easily persuaded them I had a frolick to put in practice, which made it necessary for me to alter my dress, and, for a small sum, bribed one of them to exchange his clothes with me for a short time, pretending that I would return to him within the space of an hour.

"I now hastened towards Dover, and proceeding sometimes on foot, but oftener on the roof of a coach, shortly arrived there; when finding a vessel ready to sail for Hamburgh, I offered myself as a sailor,

worked my passage over, and soon found myself in safety from the offended laws of England, and for ever exiled from all its blessings.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

"I HAD a few guineas in my pocket;—with the half of them I purchased decent apparel at the first town I came to; and then, being totally without other resource, I offered myself as a servant, and obtained a situation with an English gentleman, travelling towards Manheim, where, in a short time, we arrived. With this gentleman I lived many years, and received much kindness from him; but secretly pined with discontent, and heart-corroding disappointment, at the total overthrow of all my aspiring expectations. My master died, and, having no family, left me a small income, which I might have increased by honest industry, and thus have lived, at last, in humble respectability; but my ill fate prevailed; my old habits were not yet conquered; even in servitude I had accustomed myself to join in parties of

cards; and now, in an evil hour, I went to a gaming-table. There I met with an Italian gentleman, of the name of Marsiglio:"—"Well," cried Frederick, starting up, "and what of him?"

"He enticed me to come again, flattered me,—played with me, cheated me, and ruined me."

"Aye, I'll be sworn he did;—what! is he *thy* devil too? he has long been *mine*, although he attacked neither my fortune, nor my principles.—O Woodland! his name is death to me!"

"Death to *you*, Sir! what can this mean?"

"Go on, Woodland," said Frederick; "I cannot tell you my tale at present;—proceed, I entreat you."

"But this ruin was not accomplished at once; the particulars would weary and disgust you;—as would the many succeeding scenes of vice, and poverty, in which, from the period of my acquaintance with that man, I suffered myself to be involved.

At length, being sunk far deeper in depravity than ever before, and having abandoned to the guidance of Marsiglio, my very reason, and conscience, submitting the first to the persuasion that there could not be a future existence, and silencing by this persuasion the clamours of the last, I was accordingly soon induced by him to commit a forgery with my own hand—a forgery, which, as I now believe, he urged upon me, wholly from his fear of its consequences to himself. To be brief, the paper was examined, suspected, and I soon heard that payment had been stopped; and immediately concealing myself till it was dark; suddenly fled. Wholly indifferent whither I went, I gave the reins to my horse, and, in a short time, found myself in a small obscure village, at a considerable distance from the town which I had left.

" Having thus, once more, escaped from the danger of pursuit, I rested for some days;—but, in such a solitude, no subsistence, either honourable or otherwise,

could be obtained. Again I mounted my horse, and proceeded, from day to day, from one resting-place to another, irresolute when, or where, to fix my foot.

" 'Marsiglio is a villain,' said I mentally, 'but what avails the discovery now? Destitute as I am of friends, character, and profession, what can I do? whither can I go?' In the midst of such meditation I reached this forest; and, was soon attacked by a party of the ruffians with whom you now behold me: they bade me stand; and, at the same instant, one of them fired.

" In this situation, my temper, and the last remains of principle, gave way at once. I was exasperated at what I felt to be the malice of fortune; the road of honesty appeared to be closed against me; I had already plunged into dishonour, and it was easier to advance than to recede.—I wanted bread, and grew less and less scrupulous as to the means of procuring it: a tempting opportunity seemed now to offer itself—I shut my eyes to the light of conscience, and suddenly thus addressed the robber:—

" 'You may take my life, and be wel-
'come to it;—money I have none to give
'you; arms I have none for my defence. My
'fortunes are desperate; I, as well as your-
'selves, have offended the laws; give me
'arms, and I will fight for you; against you,
'as you perceive, I cannot.'

" 'A brave fellow!'—said one of the band,
'and just such a one as we want;—come
'on—you shall do nothing yet, but be jolly;
'so come home with us, and see what it
'is to live merrily under ground.'

"I accompanied them hither, and they instantly bound me by an oath, never to betray or forsake them.—You will now ask me no more why I cannot return to my native land."

"We will talk of that hereafter," said Frederick;—"proceed."—

"You may imagine the horror I felt at my first introduction to the exploits of cruelty, which were their daily business; a horror, which I have never subdued; and however painful the sensation, I sincerely

hope I never shall.—Still I was under an absolute necessity of suppressing the shows of it:—their confidence, and my own life, which yet I wished not to throw away, depended on my steadiness; and so much to their satisfaction did I acquit myself in the first engagement, (as we scruple not to call our attacks upon unoffending travellers) that I was honoured with their warmest applauses, and rewarded by a general determination to send me to bed in a state of intoxication.

"My advantages, in point of civilization, gave me, insensibly, an ascendancy over them; and, within a short time, the Captain falling a sacrifice to one of his most daring enterprises, I was unanimously elected in his stead.

"This 'bad eminence' I have held for six long years; but, in the second year of my *exaltation*, the long-cherished remembrances of my father, my sister, and her deserted infant, began to press, with unwonted weight upon my heart;—and I de-

termined to request the permission of my companions to make a voyage to England, and endeavour to see my friends.

"For this purpose, I had already fabricated a tale, with a view to satisfy their anxiety, without confessing to them my situation.

"My comrades listened impatiently to my request; but at length, on my binding myself, by the most solemn and dreadful oaths, to return to them within the space of two months, they permitted me to depart; which I did with all possible speed, appointing a *Lieutenant*, to command during my absence.

"Amongst our ill-gotten possessions, we had apparel of all sorts, as well as money in abundance. I habited myself in the plain dress of a gentleman; and, soon reaching England, proceeded immediately to my father's farm. You well know the tidings which there awaited me.—With infinite difficulty, and by ceaseless inquiries, I traced him to his wretched dwelling in Wales; but when I perceived his reason to

be so severely shaken, that he knew me no more, I would not, for a kingdom, have endeavoured to make him recollect me. Yet most anxiously did I wish for the power of removing him to a more comfortable habitation;—but how could I, miserable wanderer on the face of the earth! bespeak recommendation, care, protection, for a father so circumstanced?—May Heaven bestow its blessings on those who could,—who did!"—

After a distressful pause, Woodland resumed:—

"In that wood, where you first beheld me, I had rambled for many days; first, in a painful search after my father; afterwards, in more painful ruminations on his fate.—At night, the earth was my bed, and the trees were my shelter.—When pressed by hunger, I ventured to the neighbouring village, to purchase food; and thence, often distantly following the footsteps of my father, I would anxiously watch him on his return to his cave. I had not long lost sight of

him, on the fatal evening to which I allude, ere I heard his cries for help; and, when I arrived at his dwelling, it was too late for me to succour him:—That deed was yours;—yet, surely, I may venture to hope that God has not wholly rejected me, since I was permitted to meet you once again, and this, at a moment so critical to your safety.

"That dreadful evening brought me so near to the expiration of my allotted time, that I could not, consistently with the obligations which bound me, any longer delay my return hither; although, in adhering to those obligations, I was constrained to leave my father suffering under the blow of the villain who had attacked him. I also dreaded lest, if I should again present myself before you, and the worthy gentleman who sheltered me on that night, my agitation would betray me, and there was nothing which I so much deprecated as a discovery of my real situation.

"I therefore rose with the sun, flew to

the cave of my father, ascertained that he was alive, and, while I stood at the entrance of his cave, had the consolation of observing that he lay tolerably quiet;—then, on my knees imploring for him the pitying care of Heaven, I hastened from the spot, and arrived here just one day within the period stipulated for my return."

Thus the unhappy Woodland concluded his eventful tale; to which Frederick had listened with profound attention. Deeply stricken with the discovery that all his later offences had arisen from his unfortunate intercourse with Marsiglio, no one better than himself, could judge how far the reasonings, delusions, and example, of such a man, might be admitted in extenuation of so violent a relapse into the sickness of the soul. He addressed the remorseful, humiliated Woodland, with candour, and compassion—ending all, by strenuously recommending to him—"and if I know myself," said Frederick, "I would not suffer my

own wishes to influence my counsel to your conscience,"—to take the first possible opportunity of breaking an engagement which, criminal in itself, could never be obligatory.

Woodland shook his head, both in dissent from his reasonings, and despair of the possibility of executing their dictates.—

"You are quite exhausted, Sir," said he, startled at the increasing weakness of Beaumont's voice—"We will not, at this moment, exchange another syllable." Then presenting to him some light refreshment, he kept silence, and left him at liberty to seek repose.

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

It is not to be supposed that Count Waldenberg omitted any measures, either of search, or inquiry, by which it was possible to discover the cause of Frederick Beaumont's extraordinary disappearance.

He sent special messengers to follow the route he had taken. They traced him as far as the town preceding the fatal forest; and, being there informed that neither men, chaise, nor horses, had ever returned,—further pursuit was made, and at length, the murdered bodies were discovered.—The Count felt too well satisfied, into what hands the noble Beaumont had fallen; and, aware of his undaunted resolution, felt almost equally certain that he had not yielded his liberty, but with his life. Still, however, neither his body, nor that of Wolfinger, were with the rest. Some hope, then, re-

mained, but of too weak foundation, to be imparted to Helena or the Baroness. The Count, therefore, ordering his emissaries to be silent on what they had seen, confessed only, in his letters to his sister, that all his researches after Beaumont had been fruitless;—yet urged both her and her friend, to trust, that, while no intelligence transpired of his death, hope might still be cherished that he was alive.

There were times, however, when it could scarcely be ascertained that he was so, even by his grateful, and constant nurse, surgeon, and attendant, who incessantly guarded his couch, and watched his every look and motion. At length, when four tedious weeks had elapsed, something like a chance of recovery began to appear.

Frederick, whose sleeping and waking thoughts, continually revolved on Helena and Marsiglio,—thoughts which retarded his progress towards health, while they stung to madness his wishes of attaining it, —now more ardently than ever, pressed

upon Woodland his so often repeated arguments and prayers, respecting their escape together from this region of darkness; where his ears were tortured with shouts of barbarous joy, with discourses of the grossest impiety, and with tales of murder and injustice, recounted with triumph, and listened to with rapturous exultation.—

One day, when Frederick felt a little stronger than usual, and was seated on the side of his couch, "Woodland," said he, "I think I *could live*, were I but certain of seeing England once more."

"We will at least *attempt* it then," replied Woodland, "and Heaven confirm in my soul the truth of the reasonings by which you have been so long encountering the force of my oaths to this detestable fraternity!"

"Heaven itself will release them," said Frederick; "would that you could regard them as I do!—Your promise shall give me life and strength."

"I *must* attempt to escape," said Wood-

land; "for no conscience could bind me here to imprison *you*; and were I to set you free, possessed of the knowledge of our retreat, my life would fall an instantaneous sacrifice;—a sacrifice which I cannot suppose that they have a right to claim from me. Give me but time to reflect on the means of our departure: in the interval, it would be well to lull these bloodhounds into confidence in you, by placing some little trust in them: they already mutter at my seclusion with you."

"Seclude yourself no longer, I entreat you," cried Frederick;—"even to-morrow night, and for many succeeding nights, lead them out as usual;—only engage that you will assist my flight!——When I have any *wings*," he added, with a sickly and mournful smile.

"I have already promised you, Sir, that I will attempt it; but we must be minutely cautious:—it is no light enterprise;—if they but surmise that we *wish* to depart,—we die.

"The first care is your recovery; I entreat you, then, to compose your mind; to tear away your thoughts from whatever may distress, and agitate them,"—(something of his sad story Frederick had found it necessary to explain to Woodland, in the hope that it might prove a stimulus to his exertions in effecting their escape),—"and, we will not yet despair of success."—

"In the mean time," observed Frederick, "you must be more gay, and social, with your comrades, than before; and amuse them with the idea that I sigh for my recovery, in order that I may join your society. When once we are free, Woodland,—(though I would not use it as an argument against the oath which has so much embarrassed you), when once we are free, I say, I shall remember my obligations. You must, therefore, receive it, not as a favour, but as a debt, when I tell you, that I take upon myself the fortune of your future days."

The gratitude of Woodland was un

bounded: to Beaumont the expressions of it were almost distressing, and he banished the subject, by adverting to their future plans. "If," said he, "you can undertake to get me excused from drinking,—which in my present state would destroy me,—I will join your party at the next jovial meal; and endeavour to gain the confidence of your comrades by appearing ambitious of their approbation."

"You will do wonders, if you can support your part,"—answered Woodland.

In this he succeeded to a miracle;—told them tales of hair-breadth 'scapes, invented for the occasion—laughed at their coarsest jokes, and listened with well-feigned satisfaction to details of their most lawless exploits.

"By my sword, you 're a hearty buck," said one of them; "come, get well, and go along with us, and then we will send all the sneaking fools that come athwart us to t'other country, and spend their money for them."

"Whew!" whistled another—"not so fast, master numskull—there 's a little oath or two to be taken first."—

"Aye, aye, aye, to be sure," said they all.

"Certainly," said Frederick, "I 'll take all the oaths you can think of, before we strike our bargain—but don't let us be in a hurry; it will be time enough to talk of oaths, when you have known me a little longer: at present, you cannot judge whether I am worthy to be made a comrade of."

His health was now drunk in brimming bowls; and in tones which almost deprived him of his sense of hearing. His exertions considerably increased his fever, although the Captain was absolute in preventing the *hospitable* company from pressing wine upon him;—and now, remarking with uneasiness, the alteration in his countenance, Woodland insisted that he should be suffered to withdraw.

CHAP. LXXXIX.

The next day Beaumont was again confined to his cell, being evidently the worse for his banquetting: but, by the subsequent care and precautions of Woodland, strengthened, too, as he was, both in mind, and body, by his newly-raised hopes, he felt himself in another fortnight, so much recovered, that he anxiously reminded Woodland of their project; and entreated him to lose no time in laying his plans.

"You may depend," said he, "on my resolution in executing them, and not less on my obedience to all your directions, than if I had, actually, taken my oath of allegiance to you."

"My plan is formed," answered Woodland; "but you are not yet strong enough to bear your part in the execution of it."—In the mean time I could wish you to feign yourself still weaker than you are, until

the night of our enterprise. Affect high spirits, and increased impatience to be among us. But farewell! I must now be at my post."

The health of Beaumont for several succeeding weeks continued to amend:—it was, however, near two months after his entrance into the cavern, before Woodland pronounced him sufficiently recovered to attempt his escape.

One evening when Woodland had, for some time, devoted himself with artful eagerness, to the daring projects of his companions, he dismissed them to their own devices; with the exception of one only, who was ordered to remain with Wolfinger. Woodland, anxiously wishing to employ them both, recommended them to beguile the tedious hours with dice.—

They were ready enough to comply, and sat down to their game, at some distance from the apartment of Beaumont, where Woodland, in a low, and cautious tone, thus unfolded his dangerous plans:—

"I have fixed on this day in the week following, Sir, for our attempt," said he: "in the mean time, I would recommend that you make all your necessary preparations, and, that you may effectually prevent all suspicion, begin to talk more impatiently than ever, of glorious toils to come; telling the ruffians, that you hope a few days more will enable you to take your vows of fealty, and sally forth amongst them. On the day preceding *our* outset, however, I could wish you to pretend a relapse, and retreat again to your couch.—I will remain with you, and send the greater number of them forth, as usual.—I will order a luxurious supper for their return; —when they arrive, I will say, that you are again recovering, and that we will drink flowing cups of our richest wine to your health and future triumphs. I will make a show of filling my cup, when they fill theirs; and, when they are nearly intoxicated, and incapable of making accurate observations, bring forth to them a large

jug of wine, prepared, with a powerful opiate, and set them athirst for it, by extolling it as the first of earthly liquors.—I will contrive, by previous measurement, that their cups shall exhaust the whole of it; then retreat, to replenish it, and fill my own from the pure wine. This dose will speedily take effect, and they will sleep profoundly for eight or ten hours. The key of the door is always in my keeping; and, from long habit, I can, in a few moments, prepare our steeds. Their stables are near the entrance, and the horses are trained to ascend the steps without difficulty."—

"But there is Wolfinger," said Frederick.

"Confusion on him!" cried Woodland: "he will retard us dreadfully: he must be dosed too; for trusted he cannot be; and then, I will throw him over my horse, like a calf:—if we can but reach the next town, before they awake, we are safe; for thither they dare not pursue us."

At length, the destined night arrived. The robbers returned, triumphant with victory, and laden with spoils. Their Captain received them with the warmest commendations;—the feast was prepared, and they wanted nothing further, they said, but the company of their new *associate*.—Accordingly one of them, in the ardour of his solicitude, proceeded to the couch, from which Beaumont affected to be unable to rise, and, with many boisterous expressions of kindness, began to drag him from it. To this roughness, Frederick (while he repelled him with disgust), opposed entreaties, and Woodland commands; and he was left in peace.

After supper, however, when the wine commenced its fermentation in their brains, they began to recur to their eagerness for his company, and their impatience to set him to work, pledging each other—while, at the Captain's suggestion, they drank the health of their new friend Frederico,—that the very next morning he should take the

oaths, and vehemently maintaining that he "ought not to stay among them an hour longer without it."

"I 'll be shot if the young villain is not better than he pretends to be;" said one of them, uttering no puny oath,— "and if we don't look after him, he 'll play us some slippery trick one day or other."

Frederick's heart beat with impatience: for he could just catch the last words, though the speaker had the precaution to lower his voice. The rest, however, laughed at the suggestion, and, by a few more rounds of brimming cups, all but the Captain were, very shortly, secured from reflection, or even consciousness.

"And now," said the Captain, "for one round of the *nectar* we took in battle with the waggoners, whom we attacked on their way to the monastery of ———."

"Well said!" cried one of the band, while all clapped their hands, declaring, that it was fine sport to bilk the monks;— but they would "drink their healths in

their wine, poor d—ls, so they would."—
"And that will crown the feast," continued the first speaker, "and crown us with pop-pop-pop-poplars, or something that makes the Gods go to sleep, isn't it?"
—while his voice became equally inarticulate with his ideas.

The capacious pitcher was drained to the bottom.

Each seized his own cup;—most of them thought they saw *two* in the hand that raised it; but could see little else.

One of them, however, retained just enough of his senses to enable him to observe that the Captain had given all the best wine away, leaving none for himself; and vehemently swearing, that he should not be cheated, very kindly insisted on dividing his share with him. Woodland remonstrated most energetically; assuring him that he would fill his own cup, in a trice, from the same reservoir as before: but, all was in vain; the robber was "sure there could be no more in the

world to match it, and the Captain must, and should, go halves with him:" — so saying, he poured half his potion into the Captain's empty cup, and drank the other half himself.

Woodland, in great alarm, caught up his own cup, retreated suddenly, threw away the contents, and filling it again with pure wine, returned to the table, telling his *liberal* friend that they must neither of them finish with half a draught.

"So now," said he, "hold your cup again, my lad, and let me fill it;—'t is a bumper toast."

The man complied, and the cup was filled; but there had been no opportunity of again infusing the opiate. Woodland now, standing at the head of the board, drank to the health of the jolly monks of the monastery of——. All shouted forth the toast, and the cups were drained to the last drop.

The Captain continued to promote the jest, and the laugh, for some time; then

became silent, and feigned himself sleepy, and dull.—

The potions began to work:—some reeled off to their cells;—others fell in stupor to the ground: among these was Wolfinger; and just before him fell one of the robbers, in such a position, that it would be necessary, in removing Wolfinger, to lift him over the bulky form of his companion.

Woodland observed this, in some uneasiness; but remained, with his eyes half closed, watching their *truly interesting* slumbers.

At length, all was still as death. Woodland retreated to the cell of Beaumont. He found him entirely prepared. The Captain then threw off his disgraceful habit; and hastily adjusted the dress which he had previously given in charge to Beaumont.

He now beckoned Frederick into the hall, and pointed out Wolfinger to him,—laying his finger, in silence on his lip.

Frederick shuddered at perceiving the situation of Wolfinger.

"Fear not," whispered Woodland; "do you watch them all."

Woodland crept along to the stables:—in a few minutes he had saddled the horses, and buckled on their portmanteaus: he unlocked the heavy door:—Frederick once more, heard its roaring hinges with dismay.—Woodland returned to him, and gave the signal to take up Wolfinger. They stepped safely over the body of the robber.—Woodland took charge of the head and shoulders of Wolfinger; Frederick, whose wonted strength had forsaken him, with difficulty supported the rest of his heavy person, made still heavier by the depth of his sleep.

At this moment, the sleeping robber, over whom they were in the act of lifting him, snored aloud; and, at the same instant, turned on his side:—still they kept their hold, and now perceiving that the sleeper who had impeded them, had by

his terrific movements, left them more space than before, they, still bending with their burden, proceeded slowly and cautiously, round him, 'till they reached the horses, which were standing in readiness without the door. Woodland stepped back to the hall, and brought away the lamp, which he immediately extinguished.

The horses neighed in the morning air; yet, all remained quiet within.

They placed Wolfinger on the horse of Woodland;—this action awakened him, and he roared for help. Frederick seized his head, and stopping his mouth for a moment, cried, "Silence! and we shall be at liberty in an instant:—you are safe."

Woodland, then, fixing Wolfinger on the horse, sprang up behind him.

"Now,"—(to Frederick)—"follow me."

Frederick was already mounted. They were under the necessity of proceeding slowly through the tangled woods, which concealed the approach to the cavern

Silently, and anxiously, they paced along.

The morning had but just begun to dawn in the east, when they reached the openings of the forest.

"We might now quicken our pace," said Woodland, "but this carcase is growing inanimate again, and, if I am not careful of it, I shall let it slip."—

"Not for your life," said Frederick.

"I will let him have another nap," resumed Woodland, "or the opiate may be dangerous. I will then rouse him, tell him we are pursued, and bid him sit fast."

At this instant, the report of a carabine from behind followed by a volley of execrations, assailed their ears, and effectually awakened Woodland's drowsy charge, who instantly began to kick the sides of the horse, and holding fast by his mane, entreated that they might lose no time.

The animals were now urged to their

utmost speed, and within a few hours, they all arrived safely at the next town.

The alarm arose from the robber, who had had but half his dose; and was afterwards disturbed by the outcry of Wolfinger.

"What's the matter?"—he vociferously exclaimed;—but, receiving no answer, he was, again, nearly overpowered by sleep, when a rush of wind from the open door, blew full in his face; then, starting up, he cried out—"Rise comrades! we are betrayed!"

Not one of them, however, awoke; and surrounded by darkness, oppressed, and intoxicated as he was, he lost some time in searching for his carabine.

In vain he continued his endeavour to rouse his sleeping companions. At length, he set out, alone, and on foot; and tracing the fugitives by the sound of their horses' feet, discharged his piece after them, but happily, as we have seen, without effect.

Beaumont, first bespeaking a travelling

carriage, snatched a few moments with Woodland, that they might congratulate, and rejoice with, each other, and hastily settle the plan of their future progress.

"Wolfinger must not be trusted on horseback," said Woodland; "besides, it would occasion some delay; we must place him between us in the chaise, and never lose sight of him for a moment."

They proceeded, according to this arrangement, with all the speed that was possible; travelling day, and night, and hastily taking refreshments in their vehicle, 'till they reached Tonningen.

Beaumont felt, but said not, that this rapid progress far exceeded his strength.—His spirits were so exalted by his restoration to liberty, and the hope of finding Helena once more, that Woodland perceived not the ill effects of their wearisome journey, 'till they arrived at Yarmouth, where Beaumont again fell seriously ill. Woodland, in alarm, summoned medical aid; but Frederick, no longer manageable,

would listen to no counsel, receive no remedies, but what would give him present ease, and present strength. His eventful tale could not be told; the account of his extraordinary companions could not be given, satisfactorily at least,—in *writing*: —he *must*, therefore,—he *would*, set out again for Monmouthshire, where he concluded that, long before this period, Mrs. Villiers had returned,—possibly her daughter!—The very thought was health! There, at all events, Mr. Melcombe, if in existence, would be found.

Yet, to proceed immediately was impossible: his weakness of body, his irritation of nerves, increased with every hour; and, he remained at Yarmouth for some days, confined to his bed, in a state of mind which armed every malady of his frame with tenfold strength.

CHAP. XC.

THE air of the Welsh mountains was found peculiarly salubrious to the elder Mr. Beaumont; and so happy were the effects of friendly kindness from all, and of the soothing attentions of Helena in particular, on his mind, that he, now, needed only the restoration of his strangely absent son to make him completely happy. In *his* vacant place there could be, indeed, no substitute; for the anguish inflicted by *his* disappearance, there was no balm.—

"Were he but living—were he but returned," would the Baroness reflect, "I should now be blest—I should behold him, behold him happy:—why *that* should be *my* happiness!—but his death!—O merciful God, avert that hour, 'till I shall be no more!"

Helena, leaning on the arm of Mr.

Beaumont, would visit those spots which she had frequented with Frederick;—both lost in reflection on the same object, and each dreading to grieve the other by the mention of his name. Thus, full often would they walk on, in a too expressive silence.

One morning, as they were thus sadly wandering by the river side, Helena vainly strove to suppress a falling tear.—Mr. Beaumont observed it, and kindly pressed the hand which lay within his arm.

"This was one of his favourite walks," said Helena.

"Would to God he were returned to it!" said his father. They then fell insensibly into a discourse on past events; and Helena related to him, more at full than she had ever done before, the many artifices by which Marsiglio had cheated her into a good opinion of himself; and, she blushed to confess, shaken her confidence in Frederick.—

"And all the information that he re-

tended to have received from his correspondent, respecting Frederick's sins," continued she, "were one day strangely confirmed, in the library at Hastings, by a talking, foolish, young man—a hateful creature I thought him—who threw out some idle observations, which I have ceased to think of, but, which I cannot, yet, comprehend, as they were evidently unconnected with Marsiglio's plots."

She then related the anecdote which had met her ears respecting the lady, who was passing through Berlin, with Frederick Beaumont.

"If that be your only remaining difficulty," said Mr. Beaumont, "I can, probably, set you at ease, by informing you that I have a nephew who bears both of those names, and who, as I have been told, is a gay, dissipated youth ;—Why may not *he* have been the runaway traveller, if a runaway business it was?"

"Doubtless, it must have been so," cried Helena ; her eyes sparkling with a

delight as transient, as delicious:—"But I am rejoicing, as if I had still doubted:—Heaven knows that I could never doubt again, of any thing, but his existence—and, O my God! do I live to doubt of that?"

Some weeks had slowly, and painfully elapsed, after this conversation. Mrs. Villiers, her daughter, and her visitors, were sitting together in Mr. Melcombe's drawing-room; he having pressed them all, in the hope of a transient relief from change of scene, to pass the day with him. The efforts at cheerfulness were, on all sides, painful.

It was a fine autumn evening, and he proposed to them to join him in a walk on the lawn.

They readily complied: the lawn was at the back of the house; all but Helena had now reached it:—she was re-adjusting some prints which Mr. Melcombe had unfolded for her amusement, and promised to follow them.—She was just crossing the hall,

when the opening of the front door drew her attention,—and, in an instant, she beheld the pale features, and wasted form of Frederick, supported along by his companions.

"It is he!"—she cried, with a piercing shriek.

"Helena!" he feebly exclaimed. Their eyes exchanged one look, and they fell into the arms of each other, without life or motion.

The rest of the party had heard the cry of Helena, and returned to the house. Mr. Melcombe, struck to the heart by the looks of Frederick, waved his hand to Mr. Beaumont, as a signal to retreat from the view of his son.

The Baroness also, with a fluttering heart, retired. She saw, too plainly, that Frederick was most unfit for the interviews which he had to encounter.

Mr. Melcombe, and Mrs. Villiers, assisted in bearing both him, and Helena, to an adjoining apartment; where they were

placed on a sofa, and, after some time, restored to sense.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Frederick, "have I not life enough remaining to bear this tide of bliss?—Look up, my love! my angel!"—and scarcely able to raise himself, he strained her to his beating heart; while she, hitherto speechless with emotion, could only say, "O Frederick! do we at last meet again?—yet—Oh! how do we meet!—why—why—these pallid looks?" ——then, tenderly supporting him with her delicate arms, she was relieved by a convulsive passion of tears.

Mr. Melcombe affectionately pressing their hands within his own, implored them to endeavour to recover themselves. As he was retreating, Mrs. Villiers accompanied him out of the room, and closed the door,

CHAP. XCI.

When the Baroness heard the exclamation of Helena, a cry of joy was bursting from her lips:—but she suppressed it, and only joined the general voice in thanking Heaven for his safety.

"So far at least," said she internally, "*my* heart may speak also."

When she was, again, with Mrs. Villiers, she strove to congratulate her, but could not give utterance to a word.

The agitated father had retired to another apartment.

The Baroness could suppress her emotions no longer: she took the hand of Mrs. Villiers, and their tears flowed together.

Mr. Melcombe, now, eagerly sought out Woodland, and entreated from him an explanation of the dreadful state of Beaumont's health; inquired how long he

had been with him, where Frederick had been, and was proceeding to make further inquiries, when his eyes were insensibly fixed on the countenance of him whom he was addressing.

"Surely, Sir," said Mr. Melcombe, "I have seen you before."

"You have indeed, Sir; and it is with shame that I prepare to inform you who I am, and by what strange, and wondrous incidents, you see me *again* beneath your roof."

Mr. Melcombe, now, perfectly recollected both the voice, and features, of the mysterious stranger, who had vanished from his house, four years before.—

"I entreat, Sir, that you will tell me nothing, that it can distress you to repeat; —except—what relates immediately to my friend,—my pupil,—almost my child!—it pierces my very soul to behold him thus."

Woodland, in replying to the inquiries of Mr. Melcombe, necessarily acquainted him with so much of his own story (defer-

ring 'till a fitter time the relation of the whole) as immediately revealed to him that he was the son of old Woodland; and—that he had been, for some years,—a Captain of Banditti.

Mr. Melcombe looked aghast.

"And now, Sir," added Woodland, "do you not,—excellent and pious man, as you are,—do you not abhor me?"

"It is not for an excellent and pious man, if such indeed I were," said Mr. Melcombe, recovering himself—"to abhor any one. I will, if you desire it, converse with you more particularly hereafter; for the present, be assured, that I sincerely pity your errors, and your sufferings; that I highly approve of your breaking through engagements which it was criminal to make; and, that your timely service, and attentive cares to my friend, have bound me your debtor for life; as also, I am assured, his father; whom you might have observed endeavouring to approach him, and whom it is necessary that I should in-

stantly attend. I have already detained him too long from his son; but, it was essential to his relief, as well as my own, that I should fully understand the nature, and duration, of the illness of his son, in order that he may be apprized what he is to hope, or what to fear:—my own apprehensions are, I confess, more serious than I dare think of; but, I must for the present, conceal them from all the rest of the party."

"I trust, Sir, that your fears will prove groundless;" said Woodland; "yet, too well I know how unskilfully his deep, and dreadful wounds, for such they were, have been healed,—and scarcely healed,—by my unpractised hand."

Mr. Melcombe went immediately to Mr. Beaumont. He found him alone, and in violent perturbation.

"May I not yet see my boy?" asked he —"my poor, poor boy!—the look I caught has almost killed me:—have you learned any thing?—where has he - - - - - - what does it all mean?"

"He has been severely wounded, my dear friend, in—an attack—an attack of—but, ask no more at present;—I will inquire whether you may not, now, see him; but, command your feelings, I implore you; his life may depend on it."

Mr. Melcombe hastily quitted him, and in the most distressing solicitude, revisited Frederick, whom he found still supported by Helena; both, exhausted by the violence of their agitation, their hands clasped in each other, and tears stealing softly down their cheeks.

Frederick endeavoured, but in vain, to rise as Mr. Melcombe entered.

"My best friend!" he exclaimed—and wrung the hand of Mr. Melcombe with all the strength he possessed—"but let me—O let me now, see my father!"

"My dearest Frederick, God bless, and restore you!—a thousand times welcome home!—you know all, then?"—

"I know that my father is here; that he loves—Heaven be praised! he loves—

this angel, as I could wish;—and that—if —if—I can *but* live"—he felt Helena tremble—

"I *shall* live, I hope, my love."

With not one word did she venture to trust her voice.

"If I live, I shall,—O God! how blest I shall be!"—and his head fell on the beloved hands, whose gentle pressure spoke a thousand hopes, and ten thousand fears.

Frederick, again raising his head,

"And now, I beseech you to bring my father to me!"—

He was, by this time, waiting at the door, to which unobserved, he had followed Mr. Melcombe.

In a moment he is on his knees, by the couch of his son—his head bending over him, his arms clasping him around, while—

"Tears such as tender fathers shed,"

stream from his eyes, and mingle with those which that beloved son is pouring into his bosom.—

Mr. Melcombe, who could not restrain

his own, went softly round to that end of the sofa on which Helena was leaning, totally overpowered by this scene.—He endeavoured to give strength to his own mind and to hers by a few words of tender congratulation, and soothing encouragement to her to call up her native fortitude, and self-command, for the sake of that dear Frederick who would infallibly be injured by these powerful emotions.

"Indeed, indeed, I do;" she softly answered; "and I *will* be as tranquil as *possible*:—could you but know one hundredth part of what I feel, you would wonder at me already. I am thankful—O most thankful!—that he is returned; that I have no longer the dreadful apprehension of seeing him no more:—Yet"—and her eyes, after a glance on Frederick, made an appeal to those of Mr. Melcombe, so sadly expressive of despair, that he could neither support, nor reply to it;—but, turning to the father, and son, he implored them, for the sake of each other, to be more composed.

"O my kind friend," said Mr. Beaumont, seating himself by the side of his children as he fondly called them both, "I could behave better,—I think I could, were I not conscious, that this is all my own doing!"—

"*Your* doing, my dear father!"

"Yes, Frederick;—it was my ambition that banished you, or you had now been well, safe, happy; and besides"—he had scarcely power to add,—"was it not my rash credulity that drove me to inflict on you worse than all bodily tortures, by injuring, and insulting, this innocent, amiable creature, to whom I owe my life?"

Frederick regarded his father in astonishment.

"Your life—to her!—my dear father, how, I entreat you?"

"Then she has not told you?"

"She has only told me that you were here, and that you loved her as much as I do—the dear creature presumed to say"—and with a smile that went to her heart,

he gently laid her hand to his cheek—" but as to particulars, he continued, " O my dear father! you have no conception how little we have *talked*."

" Then it remains for me," said Mr. Beaumont—and, in half-suppressed agitation, renewed by the recital, he told of his miraculous preservation by the exertions of Helena.

" O Helena! Helena!" cried Frederick, " am I then to owe all to you—dearest, blessed angel of my life! preserver of my father!"

" Compose yourself, dearest Frederick!" she replied; " you will destroy yourself, and me also; if every thing affects you thus, how are you to bear the sight of two other dear friends—for my mother has not yet ventured to speak to you; and, I fear—to-night——"

" O yes! let me see all; and to-morrow I shall be better, quieter, easier!—I ought to have seen your dear mother again before this time; and the Baroness—the kind, the

amiable being, who rescued you from that demon."—

"The Baroness, and the Count," said Helena.

"Heaven reward them both!" cried Frederick.—"My dear friend (to Mr. Melcombe) I entreat you to bring Mrs. Villiers and the Baroness hither, immediately.

"Take this first," said Mr. Melcombe, offering him a glass of wine and water; but Helena, taking it from the hand of Mr. Melcombe, said,—"Do you support him, my dear Sir; *I* will give it to him."

Frederick looked up to her in an ecstacy that made him forget all his weakness, and all his pain.

"Just so, my Helena, did you visit me one night, in a dream, while I lay wounded, in the cave of the banditti.—Now, then, let me see the rest of my beloved friends."

Mr. Melcombe complied,—charging both the Baroness, and Mrs. Villiers, as he led them in, to remember what scenes their

poor friend had already encountered, and how little able he was to sustain any longer such violent perturbations.

Mrs. Villiers embraced him affectionately; gave him her warmest blessings, her kindest wishes; and that she might the better command her feelings, carefully avoided fixing her eyes on his face.

The Baroness was led to a seat by his side. Little more than two months had elapsed since she had beheld him, though torn with anguish and apprehension, erect in strength and health, and glowing with manly beauty. Now,—his form emaciated by wounds, as well as by grief, and close confinement amidst the damps of a dungeon; his complexion pale and livid; his eyes deprived of all lustre, but that which emanated from the warmth of his affections; his strength worn down with illness and fatigue, and exhausted with recent emotion—lay, supported by cushions, the kind, the gentle, the too tenderly regarded, Frederick Beaumont!

To avert *her* eyes from his face, surpassed her power:—they were fascinated as by magic. Her heart throbbed with contending feelings, which every possible consideration imperiously commanded her to repress.

"I have scarcely power left," said Beaumont, in a feeble and inward voice, "to say I thank you, for the immeasurable benefit you have done me, in saving——" something occasioned Frederick to pause, and hesitate;—"but, my gratitude, my delight, at seeing you again—let this speak for me; and he pressed to his lips the dearly-valued hand which he had taken when she approached him.

"Let me—let us all—see you but once more in health," said the Baroness:—the rising emotions choked her utterance, and "tears began to flow." She hastily wiped them away, and again she strove to congratulate him on his return.

At this moment, Tiger, who was now growing old, walked leisurely into the room; but, in an instant, discovering that

Frederick was there, had already made a spring to plunge upon him as he lay; when Helena, dreading the consequence of his boisterous caresses, caught him round the neck, crying, " Softly, Tiger!"

For almost the first time in his life, Tiger was uncontrolable; he struggled vehemently, to escape from Helena; and Frederick, in terror lest he should hurt her, started up from his reclining posture, but instantly fell back again.

Helena assured him that she had received no injury;—he caught her hand, kissed it, and, while he still gasped for breath,

" My dearest Helena," he cried, " the apprehension of it has hurt me a thousand times more than Tiger could have done;" and with the words, went a look of tenderness unspeakable.

Tiger now approached Frederick with the greatest gentleness, licked his hands and his face; and, fixing his eyes upon him, began to whine most grievously. He then laid his head upon the sofa, still looking

up at him with an anxious and inquiring eye.

"Poor Tiger!" said Frederick, affectionately returning his caresses; "you have found out that all is not right; you can do nothing for me *now*, poor fellow!"

The words were as thé touch of the torpedo; and every heart was numbed with fear.

Mr. Melcombe had sent off express for Mr. Lloyd, who was the nearest apothecary, and, whom he knew to be a humane, and well-judging man.

He was announced, and the whole party withdrew. Mr. Melcombe, retiring with him to another apartment, briefly stated all circumstances necessary to be known, and then conducted him to Frederick; whom Mr. Lloyd well remembered, and expressed much concern at being thus hastily summoned to attend. He conversed with him, for some time—"listened to his tale of symptoms"—and, ordering him to be conveyed to his bed as soon as possible,

promised to visit him again the next morning. Mr. Melcombe followed him out of the room.

"I entreat you, Sir, to tell me candidly what you think of your patient."

"It is impossible, Sir, for me to form a judgment at present. He has been so over-wearied, and so over-agitated, that I cannot, indeed I cannot, say any thing till he has had some hours of perfect rest—I hope, of tranquil sleep. I must hasten home, that I may send him the means, which, I trust, will procure it to him." Then, observing Mr. Melcombe's countenance to fall at these evasive answers, "Do not alarm yourself too much, Sir; he must be kept very quiet, and we must hope the best."

He then hurried away; and Mr. Melcombe would not trust himself a moment alone, but hastened to execute the foregoing directions.

He suffered Helena to enter again, for an instant, to take leave of Frederick, be-

fore he was removed to his chamber; then assisted Woodland in supporting him thither;—but how was he terrified at the difficulty he found, through the extreme weakness of the beloved patient, in performing this tender office! At length, however, it was accomplished, and Frederick was, once more, disposed for the night in his own bed.

"Thank Heaven I am here once again!" said he, fervently,—"even though I should be destined to rise from it no more;"—but the last words passed only through his *mind.*

Mr. Beaumont having bestowed on his son a short, but affectionate blessing, soon afterwards attended the Ladies home. He left them in a state of mind too heavily depressed to admit of consolation; nor had he power to offer it; but, returning immediately to Mr. Melcombe, whose guest he was, supplicated, though in vain, for permission to watch by his son's bed-side during the night.

"It would agitate, it would distress him; it would make him worse;" said Mr. Melcombe.

The anxious father yielded, and retired to a sleepless pillow.

Mr. Melcombe alone was the attendant of Frederick, for that night, and watched, with the solicitude of a mother over her sleeping babe, every changing symptom, and every varying breath.

Frederick, during the first hours of the night, was restless and disturbed; but, becoming more tranquil, he urgently pressed his careful friend to take some rest; assuring him that he should sleep the better for it himself.

Mr. Melcombe then lay down on a bed which he had ordered to be made up in the room; and, soon afterwards, being satisfied that Frederick had fallen asleep, he committed him to the healing mercy of Heaven, and, towards the dawn of morning, procured a few hours of short and interrupted repose.

CHAP. XCII.

FREDERICK awoke with feelings which made him, for a moment, forget that he was on a bed of sickness; but endeavouring to call out to his friend, and, at the same instant, to start from his pillow, he felt, too surely, that he was incapable of doing either. Mr. Melcombe, however, had heard him move, and was immediately by his side.

"My dearest Frederick, how are you?" —"Why, *well*, I *believe*, though not very strong I find; but if the health of my mind can promote that of my body, I shall very soon be as well as any of you. Is it possible? Can it be that I am in your house?—that I saw Helena last night—and my father?"

"It is all true; thank God it is all perfectly certain; and there wants nothing but your recovery to make us all happy."

Frederick's breakfast was now brought to

him. He tasted it, but had no appetite; he took a little, to please his friend; he talked again, in high spirits, though in a feeble voice. He implored for permission to see his father, and was indulged. His colour rose at his entrance, and Mr. Beaumont was delighted with the improvement in his looks.

He then anxiously petitioned for a sight of his "*dear Mother*," and her still dearer daughter..

"You cannot, indeed, my dear Frederick, see either of them," said Mr. Melcombe, "till Mr. Lloyd has seen you."

Mr. Lloyd now entered;—and had no sooner looked on his patient, and felt his pulse, than he pronounced him to be in a high fever; and, strictly enjoining him silence and quiet, led Mr. Beaumont to the further part of the room, and charged him, as he valued the life of his son, to forbid and avoid all conversation with him whatever.

The terrified father was all submission; he even withdrew from the apartment; when Mr. Lloyd proceeded to make closer inquiries into the sensations of his patient. He also examined his wounds, and found that they were healed; but that one of them, which was in his side, had an alarming appearance of swelling and inflammation.

"I do not pretend to any deep skill in surgery," said Mr. Lloyd, "and I would wish you to have better advice than mine."

This desire was repeated by Mr. Beaumont, who instantly entreated Mr. Lloyd to say whom they should send for.

"I wish," replied he, "that the distance from London were not so great."

"Money can shorten all distances," cried Mr. Beaumont; "say but who has the power to save my son! But will not the advice of a physician be also necessary?"

Mr. Lloyd acknowledged that it would; and readily undertook the charge of writ-

ing immediately to a surgeon, whom he knew to be of the first eminence, and to desire that he would, himself, engage a physician to accompany him.

Mr. Melcombe felt considerable apprehension, lest the painful emotions of Helena should disturb the profound tranquillity in which Mr. Lloyd had enjoined that his patient should be kept. He even ventured to represent it to her as highly advisable, that, for one day at least, she should not see him.

"Not *see* him!" cried she, in a transport of grief—"who else should see him? who should watch over, perhaps the last——" but this dreadful suggestion was lost in convulsive sobs:—"lead me—lead me to him instantly," she cried, "and beware how you part us more."

"Come then, my poor child! I have undertaken more than I can perform."

Helena, then, after apprizing her mother of her intention,—walked with her parental friend in trembling speed, to his

house, where her bursting heart again found vent in the bosom of the terrified father, who felt all the consolation he was capable of feeling, in seeing her approach. He led her to the apartment of his son; yet strictly enjoining silence and composure.

She touched his burning hand, and every fear redoubled.

"We must not talk, my dear Frederick; be content that I am near you;—they said I must not see you; they would have killed me."

"You will, you must, give me life and health;"—answered he, "but I will not,—nay I cannot, support the agitating delight of conversing—scarcely of looking upon you;—alas! alas! as yet I cannot."

She quitted him instantly, and seated herself near his father, at the window; where, in mournful whispers, they vainly strove to impart consolation to each other.

When the medicines arrived, Helena welcomed them, like manna from Heaven;

she administered them herself, in breathless silence, at every appointed hour; and was blessed with a look of love, for her reward.

Still the fever increased, and, by the evening, it was accompanied by delirium.

When night drew on, Mr. Beaumont would no longer be restrained from sitting up with his son. Mr. Melcombe, he insisted, should retire to his own apartment; "but first," said he, "I will take my poor girl home to her anxious mother;—not an hour shall that delicate frame be defrauded of its rest."

"Rest!"—said Helena, with an air of tender reproach.

She submitted, however, to depart; knowing that her mother was already alarmed at the possible effects of anxiety and fatigue.

In the night, the delirium of Frederick increased; and once, when he saw his father approach him with a cup in his hand, he exclaimed—

"Who is that?—Woodland?—I

dreamed it was Helena that held a cup to my lips;—but I am awake now—and she is in the fangs of Marsiglio——"

"No—no—she is safe, my dearest Frederick," answered Mr. Beaumont, almost choked with grief;—"you saw her but yesterday; and you shall see her again to-morrow;—I am *not* Woodland, but your own anxious, doating father:—my dear Frederick,—take your medicine."

He took it—asked whether Helena might give it him the next day; then fixing an inquiring look on his father, said, "How can *you be* my father?—You are *good* and kind to me:—my father sent me away from Helena."

Mr. Beaumont could bear no more; but, closing the curtain, retreated to the further end of the room, to hide the emotions that swelled his heart.

This delirium continued for some days; and the anguish of Helena, when she perceived that Frederick had lost all remembrance of her, was by far, the most severe that she had yet experienced.

But, when she sat by his bed-side, when she smoothed his pillows, this anguish was buried in her bosom, and she would even strive, with smiling looks, and soothing words, to recall his recollection, but in vain.

Mrs. Villiers now shared all her sorrows, and all her cares; partaking with her the affectionate task of nursing their beloved patient.

The days, the hours, the moments, were lengthened to tedious years, in the calculation of all the anxious friends now continually assembled at the house of Mr. Melcombe, eagerly listening to every passing sound, and hoping that every instant would bring the expected messengers of health and peace.

At length, both surgeon and physician arrived. Helena had heard the sound of the wheels, which she hoped had brought them—stepped softly down the stairs, to ascertain that she was not deceived,—and then, flew to her mother, who was at that

moment in one of the lower rooms, with the Baroness.—"O my mother," she cried, "they bring *me* too life or death!"—and, weakened before by nursing and sorrow, sunk panting into her arms.

For nearly one dreadful hour, did these three loving, and beloved friends, await, in trembling apprehension, the result of the conference.

Mr. Melcombe, at last appeared;—they looked up to him in anxiety too great for words.

"This is the first moment," said he, "that I have been able to come near you. I know not what to say; they will as yet decide nothing; but agree in the opinion that he has not been sufficiently lowered. They have now consulted, and determined on the steps immediately necessary to be taken, and they hope that the delirium will shortly be removed. Mr. Lloyd was right, too, respecting the wound; but, my dear friends, I entreat, I implore you, to call up a little more fortitude.—I hope,—I do sincerely

hope *much* from the skill of two men so eminent. Farewell! I *must* leave you instantly."

They tried to obey him—but their very hopes were expressed in tears.

All that was judged necessary was done. —The next morning, when Helena approached the bed-side of the patient, and inquired how he felt himself? he replied, "Extremely weak, my love, but better than I was, I believe;—where have you been all this time?"

"Where have I been, Frederick?—O thank God! thank God! you remember me once more!"—and, no longer able to controul her emotions, she fell on her knees, hid her tears with his hand, and tried, though vainly, to stifle her sobs.

"Remember you!—my life! my blessing!—why, have I ever forgotten you? Then I have been ill indeed!"—

"O yes—you have seen me hourly, and yet thought that I was far away from you; —but ask me no more.—Do every thing

that you are directed to do, and soon—very soon——" but poor Helena had nearly exhausted her powers of utterance, and, only saying, " All this is very wrong ;"—pressed the hand of Frederick, and hurried from him.

The physician, after a residence of a few days, declared it to be impossible for him to prolong his stay ;—he had, he said, done all that it was in his power to do for the present, and should leave full directions as to the future ; and, in the event of any alteration in the symptoms, would continue to prescribe by letter ; desiring to have the most minute accounts transmitted to him from day to day. The case, he said, was chiefly surgical, and added, that he could not leave his patient in better hands than those of Mr. A——. Then, after receiving the most liberal remuneration from Mr. Beaumont, he returned to London.

Whatever Mr. A—— now decreed was a law ;—nay more—he was looked up to as the tutelary Power of the mansion ;—as if he

"——bore the shears of Destiny,
And had commandment of the pulse of life."

Mr. Beaumont implored him never to leave them 'till his son was well, giving him a carte blanche, respecting the terms of his residence.—

"That I *cannot* promise you, Sir; but I will promise not to leave you, until I can come to something like a decision respecting the event of his illness; for this, I hope, may be the case within a few days."

With this Mr. Beaumont was constrained to be content. And now, letters from Count Waldenberg reminded the unhappy party, that there were other beings in the world besides themselves; and informed them, that the wretched Marsiglio, slowly recovering from his accident, still languished in misery, and confinement, waiting for the appearance of Beaumont, and Wolfinger, against him.

Mr. Melcombe, and the elder Mr.

Beaumont, consulted on what was most expedient, immediately to be done.

"Let him *live!*" said Mr. Beaumont—"Monster as he is, rather than that my noble boy should ever cross that infernal forest more."

"That must not be," said Mr. Melcombe — "Justice, example, and the safety of individuals, require that he should die:—but it is not, at present, possible, nor will it ever be necessary, that Frederick should *appear* on his trial. The half-remorseful Wolfinger is here, under the constant, and watchful eye of Woodland; and, as soon as it may be possible for me to leave my own house for a few hours, I will seek out two persons, who, by large rewards, may be tempted to take the charge of him to Germany."

CHAP. XCIII.

Within a few days, the fever abated; and the surgeon informed Mr. Melcombe that it would be necessary, for reasons before stated, to open the wound in the side of his patient;—"if," continued Mr. A——, "this were not done, the consequences would be extremely dangerous.—I am under the necessity, Sir, of saying, that, I cannot answer for the event of the experiment; but, it must be made."

Mr. Melcombe, suppressing the painful feelings to which this sudden declaration gave rise, bent all his thoughts to the immediate care of keeping every thing concealed from the rest of the party.

When the proposal was made to Frederick, he very readily consented to it: confessing that the pains he still felt from that wound, fully convinced him that it required peculiar attention.

"But let not Helena—let not my father—let no one be apprized of it but yourself, my dear friend, or Woodland:—I could wish you would let *him* be with me, and spare your own heart the concern—indeed, my dear Sir, I have already tasked your feelings too severely."

"Softly, dear Frederick; you must not exhaust yourself by talking too much. I will most assuredly attend you myself, and neither your father, nor any one of your dear female friends, shall know what is doing."

On the day appointed for this painful trial, Mr. Melcombe informed his friends that it was the particular desire of Mr. A— that his patient should not be disturbed during any part of that day; and told Mr. Beaumont that it would be greatly to the benefit of them all, if he could prevail on them to take the air with him in his carriage. Reluctantly they consented.

Mr. Melcombe returned home; and retiring to the apartment of Frederick,

seated himself by his bed-side, and held him by the hand during the critical period of the operation; while he was continually obliged to wipe from Frederick's unruffled brow, the rising drops that alone betrayed the torture in which he lay under the hand of the operator.

On the following day, Frederick was again permitted to see his friends.

The occasion of their banishment was now acknowledged; and, from its sadly agitating effects, Mr. Melcombe had sufficient cause to rejoice that it had not been communicated before.

Helena was heart-stricken at the increased languor, and paleness, of Frederick's countenance; and deeply affected at seeing him, after his day of suffering.—

She watched the looks of Mr. A——, searched him by her questions; and fancied that, beneath the encouraging hopes, which he but vaguely expressed, she could discern in his countenance, anxiety, and apprehension. The cold hand of death

seemed to fall upon her heart, as she made this discovery, which was by no means an imaginary one. Mr. A—— had been greatly alarmed at the state in which he found the wound he had re-opened; and felt himself under the necessity of confessing his apprehensions to Mr. Melcombe.

Day succeeded day, and the unfavourable symptoms continually increased.

Frederick felt himself sensibly worse, and one morning, with peculiar earnestness, besought Mr. A—— to give him his real sentiments on his situation.

"I am young, Sir; and I have, as you may probably have understood, much cause to be in love with life; yet,—I am not afraid to die:—I entreat that you will be explicit."

Mr. A—— answered most unwillingly, and, at first, evasively; but being still more closely pressed for his unqualified opinion, he acknowledged the truth.

He had been disappointed in his expectations from the steps he had taken, and

thus called upon, felt it his duty to confess to his patient that he had but faint remaining hopes of his recovery.

"I thank you, Sir, for your candour.—I would now speak with Mr. Melcombe alone." He was summoned; and the surgeon retired.

"My dearest friend," said Frederick, "I would not suffer any person except myself, to prepare you for an event, of which, however, you, most probably, feel a secret anticipation."—The hand of Mr. Melcombe trembled within Frederick's feeble grasp.

"I have extorted from Mr. A—— his real opinion; and, I find it to be,—what, for some days past, I have expected,—unfavourable.—

"Keep this as long as possible from the rest of my friends; but with *you*, it is *necessary* that I should converse, while yet I can converse, on the dark, the important, the interminable futurity."

Mr. Melcombe's self-command, long

painfully supported, at once gave way, and he burst into a passion of grief.—

"My Frederick! my child!—I cannot bear this."—

Frederick, after a very painful interval, at length resumed:

"My dearest friend—compose yourself; and remember what a task *I* have to perform, and how strong must be the support which I require from you."

He then, in a faint, and sinking voice, made his confession of faith,—his confession of errors; and urgently implored his friend to tell him, whether he really thought that his mind was prepared for the awful change, which he felt to be approaching.

Mr. Melcombe, calling up all his remaining fortitude, assured him that the only consolation his breaking heart was capable of receiving, was derived from the state of mind in which he saw him; and from his reflections on that life which he had hoped to have seen as long, and useful, as

it had certainly been innocent, and amiable.

A very solemn conversation succeeded; and Mr. Melcombe, at length, looked, and spoke, with the semblance of a steadiness which, alas! he had not to boast.

"Yet," resumed Frederick,—"resigned as I have, for some time past, endeavoured to be, to my early fate, it is not an easy thing, my honoured friend, to give up life, at a moment like this, when, after so many heavy afflictions, I behold every being I love, assembled to bless me;—and when - - - - - Oh! how shall I speak it? when I must, with life, resign such an angel - - - - - merciful Heaven! such a bride!—Oh Helena, Helena!" - - - - Tears for a moment, silenced him.

At length, he continued, in a voice of anguish,—"Oh! my poor, poor Love! what will not that tender, widowed heart endure, when I am——" At this instant, a faint shriek suspended words—tears—thoughts.

"Oh! she has heard all!" cried Frederick—"I have killed her!"—and pushing back the curtain, he beheld his Beloved sinking to the ground.

She had, indeed, heard too much. Having, unfortunately, found the door unclosed, and caught, from a few mournful words, a suspicion of the dreadful subject of the conference, she had seated herself in silence, madly resolved to know the truth.

Mr. Melcombe flew, caught, and saved her.

"Here," cried Frederick, in panting accents, and feebly extending his arms,—"here lay her drooping head - - - - - let us - - - - - Oh! let us - - - - - die - - - - together!"—then, endeavouring to grasp her hand,—

"Hold me fast, my love—'till I am gone"—said he faintly—and the next moment, Mr. Melcombe, in horror, exclaimed that "all was over!"

Helena, roused by the words, fixed her

straining eyes on the inanimate form of all that she adored :—it was still and breathless.

" He cannot—oh he *cannot*—be gone !" she cried, then flying for the restoratives with which she had been accustomed to revive him, she bathed his pallid face—wildly pressed her lips to his cold forehead, —and exclaimed,

" Frederick !—do not—do not forsake me !"

At the words, he slowly raised his eye-lids, with a deep-drawn sigh.

It drew from Helena a bewildered smile.

" I am better, my Love—Oh ! had I but known thou hadst been so near !—forgive—forgive me !"

" *Forgive* you !" cried Helena—and a burst of tears relieved her labouring breast; but Mr. Melcombe now decisively pronounced that this scene must continue no longer, and led, or rather carried, the half dying Helena into another apartment.

CHAP. XCIV.

All that had passed between Frederick, and Mr. A———, and the scenes which followed this conversation, were now reluctantly disclosed by Mr. Melcombe.

Mr. Beaumont implored the surgeon to call in further advice.

"I should long before this time, have desired it myself, Sir," he replied, "had I entertained a single doubt, respecting the propriety of the medicines which I am administering, by Dr. P———'s directions; but I can faithfully assure you that I have none. My good Sir, I do not, indeed I do not, wholly despair."

"Is *that all?*" said Mr. Beaumont.

"Were I to deceive you, Sir, you might have cause to reproach me hereafter."

"Pardon my impatience, Sir," said Mr. Beaumont, covering his face with

his handkerchief, "I know not what I say;"—and, in violent agitation, he hastened from the apartment.

One evening, in the pensive hour of twilight, Frederick lay more languid, more oppressed with the anguish of his wound, than usual;—his friends hopeless, and heartless, seated around him,—while to many painful efforts at conversation, succeeded a melancholy pause.

Suddenly, through the open door of his adjoining study, was heard a violent noise, followed by a long, and discordant vibration. —It was Frederick's violin,—which, undisturbed since his departure, had now broken down from the hook which had supported it. —Helena lost not the jarring tones;—on *her* ear, they struck with double dissonance;—the harmonious pleasures of "the days that were gone," in a moment rushed upon her mind; in contrast with the present hour!—involuntarily she looked at Frederick—and perceived, by a gleam of fire-light, that his eyes, fixed upon hers, —repeated the very language of her heart.

He saw the tear which forced its way down her cheek,—and pressing the beloved hand which she had insensibly placed in his,—

"Cheerly, my love"—said he; "we shall wake the chords again;—fear not."

Her tears flowed faster than before; and she could hide them only by leaving the room. Day after day was this torturing suspense prolonged: a suspense of all others, the most dreadful; that which is expected to be terminated by a certainty more dreadful still.

Pain, weakness, and languor increased: while rest, and appetite, continued to decline. Friends, father, and—worse than all—the surgeon himself, who now apprehended a mortification, had abandoned every hope of life; and that sad hour was, apparently, advancing on the young, the amiable, the idolized Frederick,—"when, some days and nights having gone over us, the stroke of fate concludes the number of our pulses; we take our leave of the sun and moon, and lay our heads in ashes."

Helena, absorbed by affliction, was lost to every object but Frederick; and, fervently hoped that the dreaded stroke would reach herself, and that she should closely follow him to his early grave.

The Baroness, in solitude, poured out her griefs to Heaven; and, while her prayers ascended for the life she so dearly valued, she resolved, nay almost vowed, as once before, that might only that life be spared, she would never more admit one fond regret, for the deep, the irremediable disappointment of her heart.

Mr. A——, meanwhile, grew uneasy at his protracted absence from London: he supplied his personal attendance as well as he was able, by writing to his substitutes; but felt that he ought to be gone: yet he had promised Mr. Beaumont to await a crisis which he had expected would much sooner have taken place.

One morning however, after a close examination of the wound in which the principal mischief lay, he told his patient that

he hoped he could perceive some tendency toward a favourable change.

"I cannot but rejoice to hear it, Sir," said Frederick;—then, ruminating awhile, —"but beware of disappointing my poor friends. I could wish you to be silent on your hopes 'till one day more, at least, has passed by."

On the next day, the favourable appearances continued, and even improved; and Mr. A——, as he left the chamber, met Mr. Melcombe, with so cheerful a countenance, that he would certainly have betrayed himself, had he not before resolved to speak;—still, however, he avoided raising too sanguine expectations, and merely said—

"I have something more of hope to-day than usual, Sir;—but, hopes, I need not tell you, are not certainties."

"They are blessings, after *such* despondency; and I could worship you for creating them:" then heartily shaking his hand, he made but six steps to Frederick's room.

"My dearest Frederick," said he, "Mr. A—— gives me a hope—such a hope that—that—I cannot speak of it;"—and he pressed in silence, the meagre hand he had taken, with an agitating mixture of delight, and fear.

"Will you tell Helena what he says, *to-day?*"—asked Frederick—"or, had we not better wait for one examination more of this troublesome side of mine?"—which just at that moment, reminded him how very far short it was of the state in which Helena would wish it to be.

"I will endeavour to be discreet," said Mr. Melcombe, "and will also desire Mr. A—— to be so."

Frederick had hitherto been suffered to sit up, but for a short time, in his chamber;—he was now, however, at his own request, permitted to remove, for a few hours, into his study, where a sofa was placed, for his accommodation.

It was not long after the conversation above related, that he was there reclining, his sweet nurse and the Baroness both sit-

ting beside him, when, looking anxiously in the face of the former, he said in a tone of peculiar kindness,

"My best love, you have hurt yourself by all that you have gone through;—your looks distress me, Helena,—go, my dearest, I entreat you go, and take a walk on the lawn. My father, I believe, is there, and I need not say, will be delighted with your company."

Observing that she still lingered—"It will make me much easier, my Helena."

She rose instantaneously, only saying,—"How long must I be away?" With a grateful smile he told her that he would not banish her for above half an hour.

The Baroness was sitting at a work-table, at which she sometimes employed herself; though, she was more frequently engaged in watching the varying looks of Frederick. She forced herself to converse cheerfully with him, during the absence of Helena.

After some time had thus elapsed—

"My dear Baroness," said he, "I feel myself faint, and exhausted;—will you have the kindness to give me something to revive me?" and he pointed to a phial that stood on the table.—She had just poured out the medicine, and moved two steps towards him, with the glass in her hand, when Helena returned.

The Baroness offered it to her; saying, in a low voice,—"Will *you* give it to him, Helena?" But there was a latent disappointment in the sweet countenance of the Baroness, that Helena felt to her heart.—

"Give it him yourself, my dear Amelia; I am sure you will help me to nurse him."

It was the first time she had called her *Amelia*, thgouh frequently urged to do so before.

This with the tone of tenderness which accompanied the word, or something else, or, perhaps, all together, affected the Baroness strangely, and her hand trembled, as it carried the reviving cordial to the lips of Frederick. While he drank it,

he held her hand, and the glass within it; then, gave her a look and a few words of affectionate acknowledgment, which she would not have exchanged for the homage of his whole sex besides.

CHAP. XCV

ONE day more elapsed.

"The applications have certainly taken effect," said Mr. A——, as he inspected the wound;—"I have now better hopes than ever. Let me but heal this wound properly, and if you have strength of constitution to recover from the effects of your late severe sufferings, and my unmerciful discipline, I shall, in a few days' time, have a very good opinion of you. In the mean while, you must continue to be as tractable as ever;—more so you cannot be."

"I thank you for your approbation, Sir;" said Frederick; "but I should be the most unpardonable of all human beings, if I were *not* tractable, with such friends as I have to live for, and attention like yours exerted in my favour."

A few days afterwards, the symptoms, which had daily and regularly improved, ap-

peared to Mr. A——, to be so decidedly favourable, that he declared to his patient he had little doubt remaining but all would be well.

Frederick here requested that he might be left alone;—and he poured out his heart in thankfulness to HIM to whom "alone belong the issues of life and death."

He then rang his bell, and, desiring to be dressed immediately, was removed into his study, where his eye caught the now happy countenance of Mr. Melcombe.

"I can no longer resist the temptation of imparting these new-born hopes to my precious Helena," said Frederick; "and you may now, I think, relieve my father also; but say nothing to Helena, I entreat you; I reserve that blessed privilege for myself."

She soon arrived, and Mr. Melcombe conducted her up stairs, saying only, as he looked in upon Frederick,

"Here she is."

"Enter—enter"—said Frederick eagerly.

She was not slow in her compliance; and they were left alone.

"I was quite impatient for you this morning, my Helena;—come, sit down—I wish to talk to you."

She regarded him with anxious astonishment. He appeared to her attentive eyes more animated than she had yet seen him since his return, and something like a faint glow appeared in his cheeks.

Yet—now—he was silent;—for so well he knew every turn of her mind, that he anticipated how deeply she would be affected by what he had to communicate. His nerves, too, were weakened by illness; and he could not himself, at that moment, support very manfully his restoration to the delicious *hope* of life and happiness; tears rose to his eyes—and stopped his utterance.

Helena, still earnestly surveying him, asked, in a voice of terror, "Are you *worse*, Frederick?"

"No, Helena, I am better;—and I can-

not tell you so, without being quite a fool." Then drawing her towards him, he hid his tears, and consequent blushes at his own weakness, on that heart which throbbed as if it would burst its bondage.

"Better, Frederick!" in a voice scarcely audible, "are you *much* better?—and does Mr. A—— think you so?"

"Yes, my blessed angel—he thinks—he hopes—but do not be too sanguine, my Helena, that I shall *live*—though I cannot expect very rapidly to recover my strength."

Helena was so convulsed with the almost despaired of happiness of this intelligence, that she protested, when she could speak, she had hardly ever suffered more in the last extremes of her affliction.

It was a scene of exquisite tenderness,—of felicity seldom bestowed on mortals;—a scene, in which the bright sparks of hope were kindled in the very ashes of despair.

It had lasted at least as long as Frederick, in his enfeebled state, could support

such an interview, when it was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Beaumont—who spoke in broken accents his parental transports, raised by the intelligence he had received from Mr. Melcombe.

The tidings now flew round the house, and soon reached that of Mrs. Villiers.—The rejoicing was universal—though some expressions of it, and precisely there where it was most keenly felt, wore, for a time, the semblance of sorrow.

In a few days the so much dreaded wound, began to heal. Restoratives, nourishment, and reviving remedies, were prescribed. These, assisted by that grand restorative, a mind not only at ease, but in a state of bliss, very shortly had the effect so anxiously desired; and Mr. A—— declared, that doubt, and danger were at an end.

Vain would it be to attempt a picture of the rapturous delight experienced by the friends of Frederick Beaumont, at this declaration;—how indeed, should the *Historian* tell of their felicity, when they could not find words for it themselves?

Helena wept, till she could weep no longer; then, with smiles of transport, embraced her beloved friends, who were tenderly congratulating her;—kissed them, and congratulated them in her turn; "and God bless," said she, "for ever bless Mr. A——!"

"How enchantingly she looks when she smiles!" cried the enraptured father; "I wonder at nothing that my dear boy has said, and felt, concerning her!"

He then left them all; shut himself up with his son; again, and again, rejoiced with him in tumultuous delight, and, smiling triumphantly, "It is well," said he, "that you are worthy of your fate, for you will, surely, be the happiest of all created

s."

"My dear father, you may readily believe that returning life is most welcome to me! I can scarcely comprehend that I am, at last, to be completely blest."

"*At last*, Frederick! Well, my dear boy, I have indeed caused you suffering

enough, and, Heaven knows, I grieve to think of it—but, be comforted, it is over; and, at three-and-twenty, it may be hoped that there is yet some time left for happiness."

Helena now crept into the room. Frederick was sitting upright on the sofa, with his hand grasped in that of his father.

"Come hither, sweet Lady!" said Mr. Beaumont affectionately; "here is one little ceremony that *I* have not performed yet; and till I do, this gentleman has no right to look so very happy as I see he does."—So saying, he took Helena's hand, with an air of parental affection, and, touching it with his lips, "I have already begged this of your mother, and thus I dispose of it," said he, presenting the white hand, of which he had taken possession, to his son; who received it with such fervours of gratitude, and joy, as were almost too powerful for the fragile state of his nerves, and frame.

Mr. Beaumont then saying that he had

scarcely spoken to Mr. A——, his comforter, his *benefactor*,—seated Helena by the side of Frederick, and immediately left them.

"Helena!"—sighed Frederick softly—and *have* I, at length, received you from the hand of my father?—How am I to bear such a moment of felicity as this?—What—silent, my dearest!"

She was;—but her half-raised, half down-cast eyes spoke for her—and she did not repulse the embrace which hid her blushes in his bosom.

CHAP. XCVI.

Mr. A—— now alleging that his presence was no longer requisite, gave notice that he could extend his visit only till the next morning.

Neither Mr. Beaumont, nor Helena, could resist a sensation of alarm at hearing of this determination; nor even a few words of expostulation against it; but he repeatedly assured them that there was nothing to fear, and that his return to London, already too much delayed, could be deferred no longer.

Mr. Beaumont, after many and repeated assurances to Mr. A—— of eternal gratitude for his unremitting attentions, forced on his acceptance a compensation far exceeding his wishes or expectations; and the next morning saw him, though still not without regret, set forward on his journey.

The dearly-cherished object of so many cares, continued, daily to gather strength; and, in about a fortnight after the departure of his surgeon, was permitted to descend, for the first time, from his own study to that of Mr. Melcombe, where his friends continued to visit him by turns, or all together, in proportion as his improving powers were found capable of supporting conversation.

His spirits, it may well be imagined, were, at all times, ready for this gratification; but, he would often so completely exhaust them, as to incur a penance of total solitude, that they might have time to recover themselves. His Helena, with her happiness, regained her bloom and gaiety:—she had not now a sorrow in the world, excepting only what reached her heart, through painful sympathy in the sufferings of the Baroness, who, though, as she fancied, infinitely more lovely, more deserving than herself, was not, never could be, happy.

The Baroness, in the mean time, though she did not strictly keep her vow of banishing all regrets, when the life of Beaumont should be in safety, yet so truly, so ardently rejoiced in his recovery, that it was some time before her heart had leisure to repine that he recovered not for *her*; and when that cruel reflection would intrude, she called to remembrance all that she had felt, and worse that she had feared; and though not happy, she endeavoured to be resigned.

Still, she recoiled from the prospect of separation; still she lingered, still she doubted whether she could ever call up sufficient fortitude, either to depart before that knot should be tied which would unite Beaumont and Helena for ever,—or, to remain, and witness the ceremony: yet, on one, or the other, she must resolve.

CHAP. XCVII.

Mr. Melcombe had been, for some time, in search of proper persons to take the charge of Wolfinger. Two trusty guards at length, were found, who undertook to conduct him as far as Tonningen. Thither, Mr. Melcombe by letter, informed Count Waldenberg, it would be necessary that other guards should be sent to receive him. Then recommending him to his Lordship's immediate care and protection, he added that the unhappy man had testified every mark of gratitude to Frederick for the life he had spared, and also much concern for his illness, and had made no effort whatever towards an escape, which, in the late confused state of the family, he would have found no difficulty in accomplishing.

All was arranged, and, in a short time, performed;—and Marsiglio, on the im-

peachment of Wolfinger, was fully convicted of the murder of the Baron of Linzendorf.

Wolfinger, on this information, was pardoned. He then humbly entreated the Count's permission to see, once more, his deserted Bertha. He soon obtained forgiveness for all past offences against herself; but, although his penitence was sincere, she could not reconcile herself to an immediate re-union of interests with the acknowledged accomplice of a murderer.

The lingering torment of a German execution is but too well known, from descriptions painfully minute. To this dreadful fate was the wretched Marsiglio condemned.

Let the heart, where cruelty, deceit, or revenge, have been suffered to find place, stedfastly dwell upon his end, and *beware!* but, let the eye of pity turn away from the view of tortures, which, however justly merited, it can never contemplate without exquisite and needless pain.

CHAP. XCVIII.

Frederick, in a short time, recovered sufficient strength to take short airings, sometimes accompanied by his father; sometimes by the three amiable women whom most he loved; and often only by her whom he loved best of all.

It would be difficult to convey an idea of the pleasure attending these airings,—most especially of those last mentioned.

The benefit of them to the health of the patient was so great, that his appetite increased every hour, and Helena protested that "he actually began to grow corpulent."

"Certainly," said Frederick, walking up to a large mirror, and stroking his chin as he surveyed himself, "I do weigh some few ounces more than when I came home; and I do not look quite so much like my

own ghost, as I did the first time I inspected myself in the glass."

Then approaching Helena, "You look charmingly, Helena;—how do I look?—there was a coxcomb of a fellow at Oxford, who used to angle for admiration by no more curiously contrived a bait than that."

Helena *could* have answered his query very much to his satisfaction, for she thought he looked, at least, as handsome as ever; and his complexion not having entirely recovered its native hue of blooming health, she was simple enough to fancy that the air of his countenance was particularly interesting.

He soon began to return very liberally, the many kind and charitable visits which had been paid him, by his fair friends during his illness, and he could walk to Mrs. Villiers's leaning on his father, or Mr. Melcombe, long before either had judged it possible for him to compass the garden.

One morning, that he arrived alone in the

carriage, with his usual petition for company, plural or singular, Helena consented to go with him, if he would call at the cottage.

"I want to take up Mrs. Falkener and her pet," said she; "they will think we have quite forgotten them."

"I like your proviso extremely," answered Frederick, laughing; "as if I were likely to *object* to going wherever you wished;—and there stand you, waiting, I believe, for my concurrence. Come, child, come in; I cannot, as yet, jump out and hand you in, you know; and the wind is blowing upon you from fifty different quarters."

She was, indeed, standing at the open door of the carriage; but, at the mention of the wind, which she recollected was also blowing upon Frederick, in she leaped, and drew up the glass, while still speaking her directions to the servant.

"And where is poor Woodland all this time?" asks some impatient Reader, who begins to be tired of love scenes.

Why, poor Woodland is gone to London; only, we cannot conveniently tell you every thing at once. Mr. Beaumont had taken the very first moment of his relief from the dreadful apprehensions respecting his son, to repeat his offers of service to *said* Woodland; urgently pressing him to declare in what mode he could, most to his own comfort, promote his happiness; whether by a commission in the army; a farm in the country, ——"

"Pardon me, Sir," said Woodland, "if I immediately interrupt you. My choice is made in an instant. Enough, and too much of tumult and bloodshed, have I witnessed. Husbandry was the occupation of my father, and his original destination for me.—Oh! that I had earlier followed his wishes, and his example! I have a sister, Sir, whom my heart yearns to rejoin, to protect, to shelter, for the remainder of my days. Such a mode of life, and, if I may be permitted it,—a tranquil establishment in the neighbourhood of these two excellent families, would make her blest indeed."

"Inquire for a farm immediately;" said Mr. Beaumont; "only acquaint me when your search is successful, and depend on me for answering all expenses."

Strong was the gratitude of Woodland, for this seasonable, and, as he repeatedly acknowledged, unmerited bounty.

Helena gave him the address of Sir William Richmond, both in town and country. And now, Woodland, deferring his search for a "place of rest," 'till he could once again behold his long-lost sister, and prevail on her to partake it with him, set out for London.

Sir William Richmond was not there; but Woodland immediately proceeded to his mansion in the country; where he found his poor Rose in the possession of as many comforts as it was possible for dependency to yield. So rejoiced, so warmly thankful, was she for the restoration of her brother, so deeply interested by his strange, eventful history, the benevolence of Mr. Beaumont, the past sufferings and return-

ing happiness of his son, and the kind, compassionate Miss Villiers,—that she was, for some time, entirely overwhelmed by her feelings. The plan for herself and brother reached her highest ambition, and surpassed all her hopes.

Helena had also, now, repeated her former offer, of resigning Marian to her mother; and, with a kind, and delicate peremptoriness, insisted on her accepting it.

In short, the long-afflicted Rose could now look forward, with the hope of some years of happiness, on which she could not foresee that one darkening cloud was likely to rest, save that which did—which would,—still overshadow her, from the sad remembrance of errors past.—

Lady Richmond, ever lively, but ever humane and kind, regretted severely, on her own account, the approaching departure of Rose; but quickly silenced such regrets, by a generous participation in her unlooked-for happiness and prosperity. Still more did she rejoice in the return and

recovery of her "beautiful Beaumont," and his approaching union with his Helena, to whom she wrote the most ecstatic congratulations; declaring, that she would never forgive her, if she did not bring herself, her Vassal that was,—her Sovereign that should be,—her mother, and all the whole party, into the blissful regions of dissipation the succeeding spring.

Helena smiled as she concluded the letter; then gave it to Frederick; who, having read, and returned it, exclaimed—

"No—fair, presiding genius of the Court of Comus!—spread thy wide rule over idle heads, and vacant hearts: I shall be abundantly too happy to be gay."

CHAP. XCIX.

THE days, the weeks now flew like passing moments. Frederick's airings were no longer performed under the sheltering roof of a coach, as he found himself sensible of a more rapid increase of strength from bounding along on a gay, dancing horse, which Helena told his father, she was sure he had purchased for no one reason but to frighten her out of her senses. The old gentleman, who, to use (with permission) a common, but expressive phrase, "worshipped the very ground on which she trod," told her that "Frederick should not ride any horse in the universe on such terms, and promised to use his parental authority with him, and insist on his *selling* his horse if he did not behave better, and riding a Welch poney, or an ass, or a rocking-horse, if it would please her."

"You had better let her use her *own* authority," said Mr. Melcombe, laughing, "and, even that, I am sadly afraid, would fail in enforcing any one of those commands."

The object of this debate at that moment returned from a safe, and prosperous flight, upon his earthly Pegasus, which he immediately dismissed at Mrs. Villiers's e.

The dramatis personæ in the parlour consisted only of the characters before mentioned.—Frederick talked with them all very merrily, for some time; at last,—began to be very sparing of his observations, and somewhat brief in his replies; and, secretly wondered whether his father, and Mr. Melcombe never intended to go home.

He looked at Helena; shifted his situation in his chair;—walked about the room; sat down again; and fell into a fit of profound silence.

At length, Mr. Melcombe, who un-

derstood all his ways, proposed to Mr. Beaumont, that they should continue their walk;—"and possibly," said he, "we may meet Mrs Villiers, and the Baroness."

Mr. Beaumont now began to conjecture that they had staid long enough, and, agreed to depart.

"What, are *they* walking out too?" asked Frederick. Helena replied in the affirmative. Frederick rejoined, by an ejaculation of thankfulness, and seated himself by her side. — A short pause ensued. Again, he rejoiced that they were alone—and again he paused—At last, he spoke.

"I wish to have a little serious conversation with you, my Helena. Do you recollect,—my Love, that this dear little hand is to be my property?"

Helena broke her netting-thread—her hand fell into his—and she falteringly replied—

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, Frederick."

"And how much longer am I doomed

to wait, before I may be indulged with information of the day, and the hour, and the moment, when this blessed event, is—to take place?"—

"I—don't know—Frederick:—I cannot yet,—tell you that."—

"Not yet, my dearest!—and why not yet? But perhaps"—and he ventured half a smile,—"perhaps, you are waiting, Helena, 'till a longer acquaintance with me shall give you an opportunity of forming some judgment whether you are likely to be happy with me."—

This whimsical "*perhaps*," applied to an affection of which she literally remembered not the commencement; had a fortunate effect; for it made *her* smile, also, in the midst of her tremors, and restored to her the use of speech.

"Come now—can't you talk about something else?—Indeed, *indeed*, I *cannot* settle it this morning."

"But *why* not this morning?"—

"Because—because—I won't—in the

first place, which being a woman's reason, you know, you ought not to dream of expecting another."

"Suppose, now, I were to try a man's argument, against your woman's reason, and say, 'You shall.'"—

She looked up at him, with a pretty mixture of arch wonder, and mimick fear; —then—her eyes falling under his ardent gaze—

"'Mark'd you his absolute shall?'"—

Frederick kissed her hand, and told her she trifled delightfully;—"but, my sweetest Helena, this is a subject which I cannot let you trifle with any longer:—so now, my dear, dear creature,—leave that foolish work, and be quite serious:—remember all I have suffered,—and——"

Helena burst into tears.

"O Frederick! say any thing but that! —I am in no danger of forgetting it, believe me!"

"My Life! my Soul!" cried he, folding her in his arms, "weep not at any words of mine;—forgive me—my Love—I entreat you; and let me dry those precious tears!—they are like drops from my heart."

They were soon dispersed, and Helena no longer persisted in evading the proposed subject of consultation.

Frederick, both by words, and looks, supplicated for an early day. He began with a fortnight—but was driven from week, to week—'till, at last, Helena stipulated with great pertinacity for the twentieth of January—Frederick began to calculate.—

"Why, that will not come these five weeks!"—

"Well—and what then—Frederick?—when it does come, it will be the second anniversary of the day, when—when—the trees in the wood were covered with frost-work—and you found me there; and—and—told me - - - - -"

"O blessed, *doubly* blessed, then, shall be that day!—I will, I *must*—wait all these five ages, for that dear, auspicious day,—and blessings on you for remembering it, and for the sweet promise which you have now attached to it!"—

The promise was scarcely sealed, when Mrs. Villiers, and the Baroness, entered the room. Frederick was on the point of catching the hand of Mrs. Villiers, and calling for her congratulations: — in a moment he checked himself; but, feeling totally unable to appear composed, or to utter a syllable on any other subject,—he gave Helena a speaking look, and saying he believed it was near dinner-time, after a few kind inquiries, took his leave.

Mrs. Villiers instantly read her daughter's countenance. She had left all to her own decision, and only inquired—

"Is all arranged, my Helena?"

"*All*, my dearest mother;"—and falling on that dear mother's neck, she strained her to her heart, while their tears flowed together.

"Which—which is the day?" asked Mrs. Villiers, faltering.

"The twentieth of January," almost whispered Helena.

The Baroness took the hand of Helena, as it lay round her mother's waist,—and bending over it, kissed it affectionately; and saying,

"The blessings of Heaven fall on that day, and rest upon you—and your Beaumont!"—instantly left the room.

"Poor dear creature!" sighed Helena; "my very heart weeps over the anguish of hers."

When Mr. Beaumont heard that the happy day was fixed, his transports knew no bounds. He embraced his son, shook hands with Mr. Melcombe, and early in the afternoon, insisted that they should all set forth to Mrs. Villiers's.

Frederick would have given half the world to have prevented his father's first interview with Helena from being witnessed by the Baroness; but he perceived that

this was impossible. That very evening, they *must* all meet; and his father was even impatient to be gone.

Frederick took his violin, for the first time, in the hope of suspending conversation, and thus preventing a frequent recurrence to the only subject that now occupied his father's mind.

Their first entrance, however, was sufficiently embarrassing. Mr. Beaumont took his daughter elect into his arms, blessed, and thanked her, for the compliance of the morning; told her, that, when he had such a daughter, united to such a son, he should be the happiest, and the proudest father in England; then, congratulated Mrs. Villiers; and then—the Baroness.

It was necessary that Frederick should come in for his share of congratulations. He embraced his dear mother, as he had long entitled Mrs. Villiers; and, passing on to the Baroness, he lowered his eyes,—while he extended his hand for hers.

She gave it to him with an air of gentle dignity; saying—

"God bless you, Mr. Beaumont! most sincerely do I wish you happy."

With feelings of the most perfect respect, and regard, he raised her hand to his lips, thanked her, and told her, that her friendship would largely contribute to make him so: "and I hope," said he affectionately—"I shall never forfeit it."—

Frederick took the first possible opportunity of soliciting Helena to let him hear the Piano Forte once more.

How many months of sorrow had elapsed, since she had touched it last! Her heart thrilled at the recollection, while she prepared to comply with his request: but, how much more was she affected, when, on asking, with a fearful smile, whether he had yet tried his violin, she was shortly answered by its melodious sounds!

"You were a good prophet,"—said she aside.

He looked the tenderest acknowledgments for the cruel apprehensions she had endured for him; and they continued to regale the little audience, and each other, with their harmony, for the greater part of the evening.—

CHAP. C.

To the great, and important concern, decided in the last chapter, succeeded plans, and consultations, throughout the whole circle.

Mr. Beaumont's settlement on Helena, as also his arrangements for the present independence of herself, and Frederick, were truly noble; but both shrank from the idea of separate interests with such a father, and prevailed on him to give up the idea which he had entertained of establishing them in a neighbouring mansion, and park, for which he was in treaty, and, building for himself a smaller house within the park.

"Dear Sir," said Frederick, "we have been sundered long enough:—let the house be yours, and let my angel wife be *indeed* your daughter."

Mr. Beaumont could not resist this en-

treaty, seconded by the sweetly pleading Helena.—The purchase of the house was concluded; the grounds were an earthly Paradise; the interior embellishments were chosen by a friend in London; and all was elegantly suited to the house, and its destined inhabitants.—

And now was renewed, and warmly seconded by Mr. Beaumont, the original proposal of Frederick, that Mrs. Villiers should also join this happy, and united family.

Mrs. Villiers, however, considered the subject maturely, and remained of the same opinion which she had so long ago declared,—that it would be better otherwise. She loved quiet; she loved absolute liberty and leisure:—these blessings, at such a house as Mr. Beaumont's, she could not, always, expect to enjoy; besides, she was a whimsical woman!—she liked a small house—and such *comparatively*, was her own—better than a large one.

"Were you going to remove far from me, my Helena, I would sacrifice all these considerations, rather than lose your society—the choicest blessing of my life;—but we shall be *so* near—within an hour's drive; and, in the winter, I will live with you for days, nay weeks, together: but urge me not, my sweet girl, to give up my *own* little domain, where I have grown so many years, that I feel as if I were a part of itself, and that it would be *impossible* to remove me."

The debates were long, and earnest:—but Helena, as in every other instance of her life, felt it as an act of duty to yield with grace her dearest wishes, to the inclinations of her mother.

This point, however, was not yielded, without many a deep and fond regret,—which, although,—the decree once passed,—she imparted not to her mother, and cautiously concealed from the observation of Frederick, she could not help sometimes communicating to the Baroness;

and, one day, lamenting, not only her own deprivation, but the solitude in which her mother would be left,—

"Oh! my dear friend," said she,—"what would I not give to have you remain here, and be my mother's daughter! 'till hereafter, perhaps, some happy man——"

"No, Helena; I shall, assuredly, never marry again. Then, too, there is my brother;—yet, I cannot tell *when* I shall summon sufficient resolution to leave you; and, I sometimes think, I could find my greatest happiness in witnessing yours,—and knowing that you will so firmly secure that of——" but the sentence was lost in affectionate embraces. After a pause,

"But tell me, my sweet Helena, does your dear mother love me one half as much as you do?"

"Can you doubt of this? does she not know you? and do not I know that your society would be a real blessing to her?"—

This was shortly after confirmed by Mrs. Villiers herself, and the Baroness

consented to fix her residence with her, for, at least, one year to come.

These arrangements were extremely agreeable to Mr. Melcombe; who had been, by no means, in an easy state of mind, on Mrs. Villiers's account, while reflecting on the undecided alternatives of her retreating from her native village, and from him, or remaining in it, the *solitary* inhabitant of her house, after the loss of her daughter.

Mrs. Villiers took on herself the charge of writing to Mrs. Morley, with full commissions on the momentous articles, of ornament, attire, &c.

Helena did not enter deeply into the subject; yet—added, while her mother was writing,

"Pray, my dear mother, beg the favour of Mrs. Morley just to *consult* with Lady Richmond, if she is in town."

"I expected that hint," said Mrs. Villiers; "Mrs. Morley is not sufficient authority I suppose for these very *awful* concerns"—and, smiling, wrote on.

CHAP. CI.

At length, the "five ages,"—so computed in Frederick's calendar—wore away, and the twentieth of January actually arrived.

The party from Mrs. Villiers's, to which was added Mrs. Falkener, were attended by Mr. Beaumont in his carriage,—to the gate of the church-yard, where they were received by Mr. Melcombe, and Frederick.

The lovely Helena, enveloped in a white satin pelisse,—almost covered with a veil of lace,—and adorned in rosy blushes, and pearly tears, was led, by Mr. Beaumont, to the altar;—where he joyfully presented her to his son. Mr. Melcombe, with tender, and impressive solemnity, united them for life.

Mrs. Villiers shook with emotion; the Baroness supported her on her arm; and, whatever were *her* feelings, on that day,

no symptom was visible, in her countenance, or deportment, but of sweet composure, and, cheerful benignity. Her attention was devoted to the amiable task of strengthening the mind, and spirits, of Mrs. Villiers; who had, as we have seen, with extreme difficulty sustained the afflicting ceremony which gave her daughter from her protection.

But when, on returning home, she saw the happy Frederick press his *wife* to his throbbing heart, and, the next moment, lead her towards herself, and sue for her blessing on them both—no blessing *could* she give them, save that which was expressed in tears, and embracings.

Yet, the hardest task was still to come: and here, also, the self-command of Helena, hitherto, on Frederick's account, so steadily, though painfully preserved, entirely forsook her; and, when, after some general efforts at cheerfulness, and conversation, the carriage was announced which was to take her to the mansion of Mr.

Beaumont,—she threw herself into the arms of her mother, and gave way to a sudden, and vehement burst of grief.

Frederick, ever delicate, ever considerate, retreated to another part of the room, and left her time to recover herself, while he exchanged a few parting words with his father, who had informed him that he should remain Mr. Melcombe's guest for some little time longer.—

At length, the dreaded parting of mother and daughter, and all other kind adieus, were at an end; and Frederick placed his lovely, and weeping bride in the carriage.

When he had followed her, and the door was closed,—

"Forgive me, Frederick," she cried,—and was forgiven.—

CHAP. CII.

WOODLAND had some time since, returned from London, settled himself in a comfortable farm, and, again set out to the metropolis, to bring his sister home; and, not many days after the great event last recorded, he arrived once more, bringing the grateful Rose to pay her respects, and congratulations, to her benefactresses.

Mrs. Villiers could not, without the tokens of sorrow, speak of her beloved daughter's departure; although at the same time she could most truly say, that it was attended with every earthly hope of her being the happiest of happy wives.—

"She has left your Marian here for you," continued Mrs. Villiers; "and a sad parting, I assure you, they had;—if *she* study your wishes but one half as fondly, as devotedly, as my angel Helena has studied mine, during her whole life,——"

Mrs. Villiers could speak no more; but, soon recovering herself,

"I have no doubt but she will:—she is a good girl, a *very* good girl; I shall grieve to lose her, and the more so, as she was the child of my darling's early benevolence,—and loved, and cherished, by her, from first to last."

Rose ardently blessed her friends, and protectors, and entreated that Mrs. Villiers would keep Marian as long as she could be of the smallest use, or consolation to her.—

"Not for the world," said Mrs. Villiers: "shall I rob a mother, and a mother so long afflicted, so long bereaved as you have been, of her only child—feeling too, as I do feel, my own deprivation?—No, my poor Rose; settle yourself in your new home, and claim her whenever you are ready for her."

Rose departed; and when Mrs. Villiers was alone, she sighed to herself—

"I have resigned Helena;—for me, there is no *other sacrifice*."

Nothing was wanting that, in the warmest friendship, could be devised, by the Baroness, Mr. Beaumont, or Mr. Melcombe, to amuse the hours of Mrs. Villiers, and soften to her the loss of her daughter's company; yet, her sweetest consolations flowed from the heart of that departed daughter, daily poured out, in tender epistles, to herself or the Baroness.

It was not long ere she had a consolation well worth all others in the *sight* of that dear daughter; who took an early occasion of convincing herself that her beloved mother was not out of the reach of a morning's drive.

They enjoyed some precious hours together, before Helena would seek out even the Baroness; and when, at last, she took leave of her mother, it was not before she had promised for herself, and even presumed to promise for her *husband*, that they would both pass "a *dear*, *long day*" with her in the following week.

Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Melcombe, the Falkeners, and even their "Little Fairy Queen," as Mr. Falkener usually called his child, were invited to meet them.

Mrs. Villiers dressed her countenance in smiles; and this delicious day seemed truly to disperse the mists of sorrow which had too sadly darkened what is usually called "The *happy day.*"

Mrs. Villiers took occasion to converse with Frederick alone.

"My dear Frederick," said she, "I was almost ashamed of myself, when you left me last;—had you not been *so* sure that it was *impossible,* you might have fancied I was afraid to trust the happiness of my sweet child in your hands."

"My dear mother," replied he, "I revere, I bless you for your confidence, for your gift—Oh! the inestimable gift! and I adore the tenderness of your feelings,—your doating fondness for my own (weep not that I call her my *own*) Helena.—I am so proud—so absolutely blest—that I can

scarcely credit my own felicity. May all happiness crown you for making me so; and would to Heaven—but all expostulation, I know, is vain,—that you had not blessed me, by bereaving yourself! Since this, however, must be, let not either of you feel it as a separation, nor let it *be* so for any length of time;—this, observe, I depend upon;—and here the charmer comes to second my petition:"—then holding out to her a begging hand, he received hers, and, clasping it, with her mother's, between his own, "Tell this dear mother, my love," said he, "whether I bewail her determination not to take up her abode with us; and then coax her,—(you have a pretty knack that way, you know—) to rejoice us with her company for a day, at *least*, as soon as possible."

"You may believe him for once, indeed, my *pretty* mamma;—I *will* call you so *to-day*, though I remember when you made me leave it off.—Pray, pray, do just as Frederick would have you."

Mrs. Villiers readily promised for a day, with which, for the present, they were obliged to be content.

"And pray, *Mrs. Beaumont*," asked Frederick, drawing up his head with a very consequential air, "why is mamma to believe me only *for once?*"

"Because, *Mr.* Beaumont,—though I cannot pretend to guess how long it will last, at present you tell me, upon a moderate computation, about ten fibs in an hour."

"What does the monkey mean?" asked Frederick, turning to Mrs. Villiers.

"Why now, Frederick, would you have me take all the fine things you say to me in plain, simple, sober earnest? Why I should be more vain, foolish, and fantastical than an owl, a peacock, or—a fine Lady."

"Whereas now you are only affected, you little hypocritical, puritanical *darling*," catching her in his arms, "for you very well know it is all true."

"I know *you think* it so, at least, dear Frederick," answered Helena, with a smiling—yet glistening eye; "and—I am content."

"Heaven make me worthy of thee!" he cried, "and of my blissful fate!"

In the evening, this tender, wedded lover, having first appointed an early day for the dearly honoured circle to meet again, enclosed his treasure in as many furs as she could conveniently carry, and, by the friendly light of a brilliant moon, they were driven home before they could believe that they had been ten minutes in the carriage.

CHAP. CIII.

ANOTHER day of social happiness was, as had been arranged, celebrated at the house of Mr. Beaumont, though not yet his abiding place.

The feast was spread with equal taste, and hospitality; the happy father led his daughter to her seat at the head of the table; then desiring Mr. Melcombe to occupy the chair on her right hand, took his place on her left, saying,

"This is, and always shall be, my post of honour. I will take no more trouble for any body but my sweet Helena. Here I can be of use to her; and as for you, Sir, (to Frederick), I appoint you Deputy Master for the rest of my life."

"Thank you, Sir," answered Frederick; "and I heartily wish myself a long and happy reign in that character." Then, lead-

ing on Mrs. Villiers, "Do you sit there, if you please, my dear mother, next to Mr. Melcombe; and then *he* will eat his dinner in *comfort*."

Never had Frederick less intention of committing a *faux pas*;—he had not the slightest suspicion of what had passed so long ago; but, he could read in three different countenances,—one of them that of his own Hèlena,—that he had made a blunder.

He tried to escape from what could not be repaired; and entered into a deep discourse with Mrs. Falkener, who sat next him, on the perfections of her daughter.

"She is, or will be, very shortly, a great genius, I am satisfied," said Mrs. Falkener. "She cannot, as yet, *converse*, but the eloquence of her eyes is wonderful."

Mr. Falkener assured the company that his wife was almost in earnest.

The Baroness's eye, for a moment, rested on Frederick;—she could scarcely believe that the lively, animated, delighted

countenance she beheld, was the very same which had first attracted her attention, by its interesting melancholy, at the table of Count Waldenberg.

"*Here* was the cause of that melancholy," sighed she to herself, "and here it has found its cure:"—again the certainty that *he* was happy "came o'er her like the sweet south;" and her short reflections were, the next moment, put to flight by the kindly and heart-pleasing tones of his voice, particularly directed to herself.

The next morning, as this happy couple sat at breakfast, by the side of a blazing fire, that bade defiance to

"—Howling winds, and beating rain—"

"Pray, my dear love," asked Frederick, "what enormity was I guilty of yesterday? When I requested your mother to take a seat by Mr. Melcombe, I observed that, all in a moment, Mrs. Villiers coloured; Mr. Melcombe bit his lip; and *you* made a vigorous effort at a frown; but with so

little success, that I was on the point of being betrayed into a smile in the midst of all your embarrassments."

"It was very serious to Mr. Melcombe, I assure you," replied Helena.

"What, my love?—what was very serious? Has Mr. Melcombe then——"

"Tenderly loved my mother from her early youth to the present hour.—And I tell you so, dear Frederick, that you may, in future, be cautious of approaching the subject by a jest."

Frederick clasped his hands in painful surprise.

"Poor Mr. Melcombe!" said he, very seriously; "God knows, Helena, the more I rejoice in my own felicity, the more do I grieve for him. Poor, poor Mr. Melcombe! Oh! why he is not as happy as I am?"—Then, after a long pause—"Is it possible, Helena, that, only five months ago, I was in the den of the Banditti?"

"For Heaven's sake, Frederick, talk not of that horrible cavern!"

"Thou sweet little, pale, quivering coward!" said he, tenderly caressing her; "it is all passed by, my Helena."—Then bidding her take her work, he added, in a tone of badinage,

"I will call up Shakspeare to amuse your thoughts; and, suppose I *edify* you, as well as myself, my love, with—"The Taming of the Shrew."

The proposal of this very *applicable* lesson restored the dimples to their beauteous abode; and, in reading, commenting, and inexhaustible converse, the day passed delightfully away.

CHAP. CIV.

A few days afterwards, the same happy party assembled at Mr. Melcombe's. They met but to love and rejoice in each other; and, even the *half hour before dinner*, escaped the intrusion of dulness, or ennui. A very delightful conversation was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Melcombe's servant, who, bowing respectfully to his master, said, very gravely, "If you please, Sir, Dr. Pomfret 's dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Mr. Melcombe, "when did he die?—and how?—he was well three days ago."

"Of a surfeit, Sir, this morning:—he dined at Monmouth, Sir, yesterday, at a turtle-feast, Sir;"—again bowing.

"Order Taffy to saddle his horse; he must take a letter to the post immediately;"—and the servant withdrew.

When the first damp, occasioned by the

sudden death of a person well known, though by no means highly respected, had passed away, Helena ventured an arch glance at Mr. Melcombe, accompanied by something like a smile.

He shook his head at her.

"Ah, Sir," said she,—"notwithstanding those grave looks, I am certain that, though I know not why, Thomas's *if you please*, is not quite so *mal-apropos* as I have sometimes known it to be."

Mr. Melcombe told her she was as wicked as ever; and then made his confession thus:—

"I am afraid, Helena, I am *not* properly afflicted at the demise of your *favourite*, Dr. Pomfret; for—I hope Mr. Morgan will be his successor. I made interest for the living in his favour long ago, and received something very like a promise that he should have it; and if you will not all be quite starved, good people, I must beseech your patience while I write six lines before dinner."

"Delightful!" cried Helena;—"never mind us; run away, and give your eloquence full scope."

He retired, for a few minutes, to his study, leaving every one of the party who had known of Mr. Morgan's worth, and necessities, ample employment, in rejoicing at the hope of his approaching affluence.

This hope was, in a few days afterwards, happily realized; and Mr. Morgan was, without comprehending, and, almost without believing it, presented to the living of his late lordly rector.

His gratitude to Mr. Melcombe was, at first, tumultuous, continued fervent, and proved itself always genuine in his practical expressions of it:—"May I but perform my part," said he, "and administer to the wants of others, both mental and bodily, and I shall not fail to gratify that excellent man, by the only acknowledgment that he will suffer himself to receive."

Shortly afterward, Mr. Melcombe, one

morning rode over to his young friends; and, after a short conversation with them both, " I wish," said he, " you would go and amuse yourself elsewhere, Frederick, I want a *téte-à-téte* with your wife."

" The requisition is so reasonable, Sir, that it is impossible I can presume to make any objection to it;" and, kissing his hand to them both, he left the room.

" I want to—to—talk to you about Mr. Beaumont, Helena; I think he is grown thoughtful of late; and he has once or twice, within these few days, made excuses to call on your mother without me:—Do you know whether—whether——"

" I know that he has called on my mother, Sir, several times; but——"

" And what—and what—what was the particular object of——"

" My *dear* Sir," said Helena, with extreme tenderness, " look not so full of interest and apprehension; it pains my very heart; there is *nothing whatever* to distress you from that quarter;—believe me my

father has merely been urging the subject of my mother's residence with us; a subject which, after she had so decidedly declined the proposal, I have made it a law to myself never to renew; but Mr. Beaumont, being well acquainted with my earnest wishes on this point, has, as I have been informed by her, revived the question several times."

"And there is no more in it, you are certain, Helena?"

"I am indeed, Sir.—But, my dear Sir, had it been otherwise, how could you, for an instant, suppose that my mother could ever *pause* on any further proposals,—after—after—after—Ah! what would I not have given!—but it is impossible, I see:—I even ventured, not long ago, to allude—to—to speak of——"

"Of *me*, my dear Helena?" Helena bowed assent.

"God bless you for it," affectionately taking her hand; but all, I suppose——"

"All in vain;—yet I can perceive the

very idea that you should still feel your disappointment distresses her extremely."

"Does it, my dear girl? then, I charge you, *never* name it to her more."

This generous tenderness drew tears from the bright eyes of Helena; and Mr. Melcombe expressed the sense he felt of her sympathy, in a fatherly embrace.

"I will grieve you no more, my dear," said he; "this conversation shall truly be the last upon the subject.—Do you remember, Helena, one evening, when you were but ten years old, how you lamented that I was going home, and invited me to live with you, and be your papa?"

Helena had forgotten it.

"*I* never can forget it," said Mr. Melcombe, "and though it touched me to the very soul, I believe I have loved you better for it ever since."

"I should have been a very affectionate daughter to you," said Helena.

"A charming one!" said he.

"And never, never, did there exist a

more perfect friendship than that which my mother feels for you; but, she once told me that you deserved an undivided heart; 'and *that*,' she added, 'he well knows I have 'not to give.—No, my Helena,' she concluded; 'so dearly I loved your father,' —and the tears filled her eyes—'that I 'cannot, cannot, love again.'"

After a pause of meditative silence, "So it is!" resumed Helena, sighing; "but never more, my dear Sir, let the appre hension of her marrying *any other* person give you a moment's uneasiness. This you *must know* to be impossible."

"That is certainly a powerful consolation," said Mr. Melcombe, "and I will endeavour to be content.—Heaven knows I am thankful that I am indulged with so much of her society as I at present enjoy. I was somewhat fearful that you would have succeeded in enticing her away, I assure you."

"I did my best to accomplish it, I confess; but she is very decisive, as you see."

"And *feel*," said Mr. Melcombe.

"But when regrets will invade you," resumed Helena, reflect on the *East India* plan that she once proposed; and remember what you suffered from the anticipation of it."

"Name it not. But now, my sweet Counsellor, I must say, Adieu! for I have banished Frederick long enough; and the truth is, I am not inclined to have him recalled 'till I retreat myself. God bless you! for I see a carriage making its way through the trees:—I am gone."

"And so am I; for I will *not* be at home; I am not 'i' th' vein.' Make a little circuit round the park, to avoid meeting the invaders. Farewell, dear Sir!"

CHAP. CV.

MR. Beaumont, within a short time after the foregoing conversation, retreated to his own mansion; where the winning attentions of his daughter, and the warm attachment, gay spirits, and intelligent conversation, of his son, formed the happiness of his excellent heart, and rational mind; and he found the highest gratification in being the friend and companion of his children, the delighted witness of their felicity, and the cheerful partaker and promoter of their amusements. These, however, were usually of the most domestic kind; each frequently declaring, that, though they did not dislike the occasional intercourse of indifferent society, they felt that its greatest advantage was that of endearing, by temporary interruption, the far more interesting delights of HOME.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee,—too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect,
Or temper, sheds into thy crystal cup,
Thou art the nurse of virtue."——

This happy family had not long arranged all their own comforts around them, before they busily sought for objects to partake their superfluity.

The children of misery were quickly found: their several claims were examined; the strong encouraged in industry, and the weak supplied with unsparing bounty. It was the chosen province of Helena to discover the immediate, and peculiar necessities of each humble sufferer, within the range of her benevolence, and the purse of Mr. Beaumont was, on all occasions, at her disposal. She arranged the interior of the large establishment now under her command, with a skill and regularity that surprised even Frederick himself; who, in the

mean time, assiduously bent his mind to gain from Mr. Melcombe a thorough acquaintance with all that it was within his province to regulate. "It was his duty," he observed, "to spare his father all possible trouble, except that of supporting *his* extravagances."

The humble family of Woodland, so often mentioned in this history, were, soon after Helena's marriage, very comfortably settled in a neighbouring farm; of which, however, they did not long continue the only inhabitants.

The young farmer, who may be remembered as the immediate instrument of Providence in saving Mr. Beaumont's life, unequivocally proved the sincerity of his attentions to the pretty Marian, by soliciting her consent to accompany him to Hastings as his wife. But, no sooner was this proposal made known to Mr. Beaumont, together with the intelligence of its being acceptable to Marian, than he seized the fortunate occasion of rewarding his preserver,

and the faithful favourite of his daughter, at the same time; and, obtaining first the grateful concurrence of Woodland and his sister, he immediately sent, with their acceptance of the young man's offers, an earnest request that he would take up his abode in the same house which was now occupied by the family of the Woodlands. This, with the land pertaining to it, could he be fortunate enough to make a purchase of the whole, he promised should be their own: a plan, which, from the extreme liberality of the terms proposed by Mr. Beaumont, was soon accomplished. The estate was settled on Woodland and his sister for their lives; and after them on William Price for ever; while a bounteous present, endeared by the sweet smiles of condescending kindness, was tendered by the hands of the lovely Helena, to the acceptance of Marian.

Mr. Melcombe was now called upon, to sanctify the promise of Marian to her very worthy lover.

The wedding was celebrated at the house

of Mr. Beaumont, and he had the supreme gratification of beholding an humble family overflowing with thankfulness and joy, and confessing themselves indebted not only to himself for competence and ease, but to his son and daughter, for the fostering pity they had held out to returning virtue; and to which both Woodland and his sister owed all that they possessed of mental peace, and all that they hoped for in a world to come.

A year ran by on silver feet; and still the Baroness was won by Mrs. Villiers to prolong her stay.

"You cannot go *yet*," said Mrs. Villiers.—The Baroness remained a few weeks longer.—The lovely matron, Helena, became the mother of an infant son; and Frederick discovered with astonishment that his happiness had been capable of augmentation.—A new hold on his affections!—a new bond to his idolized wife!—it was, he thought, more than he could deserve—almost more than he could bear.

Soon drew on the time of the christen-

ing; Mr. Melcombe was again to be in office; and Mrs. Villiers was to present the blooming boy at the font.

The momentous question, what should be his name, was not yet adjusted between the parents.

Frederick was desirous of complimenting his father by the name of Augustus.—Helena had set her whole heart upon Frederick.

"What, two Fredericks, my love?"

"Yes, my love,"—with a pretty, playful tenderness of manner; "and the more *alike* the better."

Frederick was not insensible to this sweet flattery, but pleaded the propriety, the gratitude, the duty, of shewing so interesting a mark of respect to their excellent father.

Frederick's reasonings were good; and they were *Frederick's*.

"Augustus be it then," said Helena; and, raising an uncomplaining eye to his face, she smilingly kissed his hand in token of surrender; and—she conquered.

"It must—it shall be Frederick!" cried the transported husband;—"what avail the reasonings, what the *power* of man, against such heart-subduing softness as thine?"

Mr. Beaumont, soon after, entered the room.

"Chide me," she said, "my dear father! I have, for the first time, disputed with Frederick, and that too on a point in which he wished to shew respect to *you*."

"You know I shall forgive you, sweet one, be your sins what they may; so now confess them."

"Why, Sir, he wished—earnestly wished—to give my babe your name; and so should I have done, if—I cannot help it, Sir,—I had not been still more desirous that it should receive his own; and—and—the end of my story is, Sir, that I have wheedled him out of all his wise and good reasons, and carried my point."

Frederick here interposed, saying,

"She does not state her own case fairly;

Sir; she gave it up like an angel; and then I could not accept her resignation for the soul of me;—the truth is, Sir, she does just what she pleases with me."

"I am glad the offence is of no deeper a dye, and I forgive you both," said Mr. Beaumont, smiling; "only take care that you behave better another time."

The christening, on account of distance and cold weather, was celebrated at home; and *Frederick the Second* gave all possible satisfaction to his nurse, (who pronounced it to be a *lucky omen)* by making a considerable *noise in the world*, when he received the sprinkling shower from Mr. Melcombe's hand.

When all was over, "Pray, my dear mother," said Frederick, "be so kind as to lay MY SON upon my arm, just as you did on Mr. Melcombe's; and let me *try* whether I can hold him safe for a few moments."

Mrs. Villiers complied; and Frederick, blessing and kissing him, bore him, with the utmost care, to his beautiful mother,

who had somewhat anxiously watched the *experiment*. Dropping on one knee, he laid him softly on her lap; saying, "There, my love, is your *little* Frederick; give the young Christian your blessing."

"God bless thee! sweet babe," she said; "and the rosy kiss she gave it was accompanied by a starting tear, and a gentle sigh.

"A sigh, a tear, so sweet, she wish'd not to control."

And, no less sweet was the look from both, which rested, first on their boy, and then on each other.

The Baroness, soon afterward, received a letter from Count Waldenberg.

"My brother is married," said she, "to a Lady of high rank, and much worth; but, —whom I cannot love; and," throwing herself into the arms of Mrs. Villiers, "I have not fortitude to quit those whom I *do* love most sincerely. All, all, in this happy circle, are truly dear to me, and I am yours for ever.

This point had been frequently, and fer-

vently, pleaded by Mrs. Villiers; and that scarcely more for her own sake, than for that of the Baroness, whose heart and feelings she fully understood, and who, she felt convinced, would no where find so much of consolation, as in her present abode. Reason, resolution, and a noble solicitude for the gratification of what she loved, had combined to calm the first perturbation of her disappointed feelings, "and she will receive," said Mrs. Villiers, internally, "from the society in which she is so dearly valued, that softening balm which friendship has alone the power to shed into the wounds of love."

The Baroness was regarded by Frederick with a sentiment of enthusiastic affection. Her own distinguished merits were more closely endeared to him by her fostering protection and care of his Helena in her affliction; and many an ardent, many a tender expression of his feelings was suppressed in consideration of *one* scene that had passed at Vienna, which he could not forget. To others, however, he had

spoken with less reserve. Thus was the Baroness herself the individual of the whole party who was *least* aware of the extent of his regard for her.

On this occasion, however, he forgot his usual caution. When, at their next meeting, she announced her intention, he suddenly clasped his hands together (his usual expression of delight or surprise), congratulated his Helena, who could scarcely speak her joy, and drew them closer to each other, and to himself, in an affectionate embrace.

The Baroness rejoiced in the determination she had made.

Frederick wrote instantly to Count Waldemberg the warmest invitation to himself, and his Lady, to pay him a visit. He had already pressed Mr. and Mrs. Morley for the same indulgence; and the following summer saw the whole party assembled in the noble and hospitable mansion of Mr. Beaumont.

And, now, having safely conducted our young favourites to the highest pinnacle of

human felicity, the Historian prepares, not without a sigh of regret, to bid them farewell.

Be it remembered, that, if the felicity of Beaumont and his Helena raised them above the common lot of mortals, severe, however transient, had been their season of affliction; and that they were not more distinguished by the ardour, length, and constancy of their attachment, than by the patience, fortitude, and submission, with which they bowed to the authority that long forbade their union.

THE MASTER PASSION, though it maintained its rank above all *other* Passions, and invariably ruled their *feelings*, was, at no time, suffered to hold *Reason* or *Principle* in subjection.

Through every fluctuation of Hope, and Fear, they meekly reverenced the sacred pleasure of their parents, and bound the GOD of LOVE himself with the Chains of DUTY.

THE END

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 65—line 10, *for* stared, *read*, started.
P. 3—l. 2. *after* with, *dele* the.
P. 106—last l. *for* them in, *read*, their.
P. 138—l. 3, *between* spot *and* observing, *read*, and.
P. 197—l. 14, *between* been *and* at, *read*, entered.

By a mistake of the Printer, it has happened that a number of trivial words have been printed in Italicks, in both the first and second volumes.

VOL. II.

Page 65—line 11, *between* heard *and* with, *read*, her.
P. 77—l. 9, *between* were *and* actually, *read*, once.
P. 84—l. 6, *for* in, *read*, an.
P. 96—l. 1, *for* knew, *read*, heard.
P. 150—l. 9, *after* what, *read*, an.
P. 166—l. 15, *between* been *and* you, *read*, for.

VOL. III.

Page 63—line 4 from bottom, *for* created, *read*, creative.
P. 79—l. 2 from bottom, *for* he, *read*, she.
P. 150—l. 5, *for* steadfast, *read*, stedfast.
P. 169—l. 16, *for* act, *read*, acted.
P. 174—l. 4 from bottom, *for* shew as, *read*, she was.
P. 234—l. 3 from bottom, *for* your, *read*, you.

VOL. IV.

Page 137—line 3, *for* to, *read*, too.

Directions to the Binder.

The Song set to Musick to face Page 3 in the second Volume.